

# The Westminster Magazine;

O R,

## The PANTHEON of TASTE:

For OCTOBER, 1773.

Embellished with, 1. The BROTHER; a beautiful Historical Print.—  
 2. An elegant striking Likeness of DAVID HUME, Esq.—3. A  
 Representation of Mr. SHARP'S ROLLING CARTS and WAGGONS.

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**AVERAGE PRICES of CORN.**

From Oct. 11, to Oct. 16, 1773.  
By the Standard Winchester Bushel of 8 Gall.

	Wheat.		Rye.		Barley.		Oats.		Beans:	
	s. d.	1/2 s. d.	s. d.	1/2 s. d.	s. d.	1/2 s. d.	s. d.	1/2 s. d.	s. d.	1/2 s. d.
London	6	0	3	3	3	6	2	4	3	6

**COUNTIES INLAND.**

Middlesex	5	5	3	8	2	9	3	9		
Surry	6	3	3	1	3	6	2	5	4	4
Hertford	6	0	3	7	2	4	4	4	4	
Bedford	6	0	4	7	3	10	2	2	3	7
Cambridge	6	5	3	5	3	4	2	1	3	4
Huntingdon	6	7	3	9	2	3	3	8		
Northampton	7	11	4	11	4	0	2	6	4	1
Rutland	6	10	4	9	4	3	2	1	3	6
Leicester	7	2	5	1	3	11	2	0	4	4
Nottingham	5	3	3	8	3	5	2	0	4	3
Derby	6	5	3	9	2	3	4	8		
Stafford	6	6	4	7	4	0	2	3	5	1
Salop	6	5	4	8	3	9	2	1	5	4
Hereford	6	10	4	0	2	2	—	—	—	—
Worcester	6	5	4	0	4	1	3	2	4	4
Warwick	7	2	4	0	2	8	4	10		
Gloucester	7	5	3	11	2	5	4	11		
Wiltshire	6	7	3	11	3	5	2	4	4	11
Berks	6	0	3	6	3	7	2	7	4	2
Oxford	7	4	3	5	2	6	4	7		
Bucks.	7	0	3	10	2	4	4	3		

**COUNTIES upon the COAST.**

Essex	5	6	2	11	3	4	2	3	3	0
Suffolk	5	8	3	0	3	1	2	1	3	0
Norfolk	6	2	3	1	2	11	2	0	—	—
Lincoln	6	3	4	1	3	4	1	11	3	11
York	6	1	3	11	3	5	2	1	3	11
Durham	5	9	4	1	3	11	2	1	4	3
Northumberland	5	11	4	3	3	3	2	2	4	0
Cumberland	6	4	4	0	3	2	2	2	3	9
Westmoreland	6	4	3	3	4	2	0	—	—	—
Lancashire	6	3	3	0	2	1	3	7		
Cheshire	5	11	4	7	4	1	1	11	—	—
Monmouth	6	2	3	7	1	7	—	—	—	—
Somerset	6	4	4	0	4	11	2	1	4	1
Devon	5	6	2	8	1	6	—	—	—	—
Cornwall	5	6	2	6	1	6	—	—	—	—

Dorset	6	0	3	11	2	2	4	9	
Hampshire	6	9	3	0	2	2	4	10	
Suffex	5	4	2	11	2	2	3	3	
Kent	6	2	3	9	3	2	2	3	1

From Oct. 4, to Oct. 9, 1773.

**W A L E S.**

North Wales	5	11	4	1	3	4	1	7	5	3
South Wales	5	6	4	4	3	0	1	5	3	4

**Part of SCOTLAND.**

Wheat.	Rye.	Barley.	Oats.	Beans.	Fig.						
5	5	3	5	2	10	2	2	3	3	2	4

Published by Authority of Parliament,  
W. COOKE.

**PRICE of GRAIN at the CORN-MARKET in Mark-Lane, Oct. 18, 1773.**

Wheat	48s. to 52s. od.
Barley	25s. to 29s. od.
Rye	25s. to 26s. od.
Oats	17s. to 20s. od.
Brown Malt	32s. to 36s. od.
Pale Malt	32s. to 38s. od.
Peafe	33s. to 35s. od.
Hog Peafe	28s. to 30s. od.
Beans	23s. to 25s. od.
Tares	24s. to 30s. od.
Fineft Flour	48s.
Second Sort	45s.
Third Sort	42s.

per Quarter.  
per Sack.

**Prices of STOCKS, Oct. 29.**

Bank Stock, 141½	3 per Ct. 1726,
India Do, 149 a 148½	3 per Ct. 1751,
South-Sea, —	Do. India Ann. 80½
Ditto Old Ann. 84½ a 85	3½ Ditto 1758, 89½
Ditto New, 85½ a 86	4 per Ct. conf. 90½ a 91
3 per C. B. Ann. red.	India Bonds 20s. a 21s. P.
86½ a 87	Navy and Vict. B. 1¼ a 1½
3 per Ct. conf. 87½	Long Ann. 25½ a 26

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS to our CORRESPONDENTS.**

*We think the vanity of the Author of the Coquette has been sufficiently gratified by its appearance in two News-Papers, where it had at least the Merit of Originality; the only circumstance which could have intitled it to a place in our Postical Department.*

*The Writer of a Character from Lynn will pardon us, if we are mistaken; but we strenuously suspect him to have sent us a Piece which has been rejected by some other Publication similar to our own.*

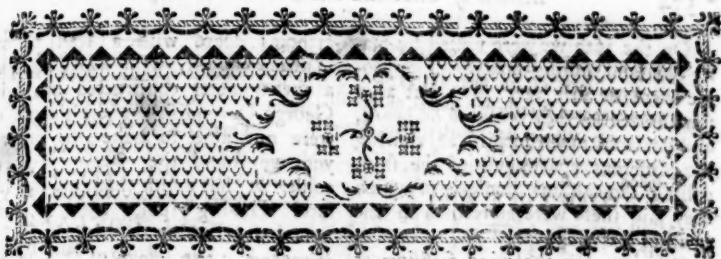
*Many will find their Hint attended to. An Accident solely (which we will carefully endeavour to prevent in future) occasioned the Omission complained of.*

*We cannot read, and therefore cannot possibly answer, the Letter signed Achates.*

*R. R. could not be serious when he desired us to print his Letter. If he was, we sincerely pity him.*

*We have no doubt but that if we could peep behind the Country Vicar's Mask, we should discover the features of a certain Bishop's Chaplain: Under that Character, his Defence of his Patron should have found an immediate insertion, had it contained more of facts, and less of declamation.*

*The No Novel,—The Seduction, a true Story.—Rationalis,—W. on Gallantry,—Ignotus, Livius,—The Letter to Momus,—F. E.—Lazarus Hopeful, and Dr. Cook on the Virtues of Speedwell, shall all appear, if possible, in our next Number.*



T H E  
WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE,

For O C T O B E R, 1773.

P R E F A C E.

*WE flatter ourselves that some Account of the Expedition to the North Seas will be acceptable to our Readers, as the occasion has drawn the attention of the Public in general; and since we have been favoured with this most circumstantial and authentic Narrative by one of the Officers who performed the Voyage, we may hope that such an acquisition will be not only entertaining, but serviceable to our Readers.*

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION;

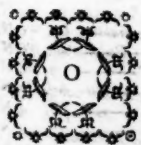
BEING THE

JOURNAL of a VOYAGE towards the NORTH POLE,

Performed in his MAJESTY'S Sloops RACEHORSE and CARCASE,

Commanded by the Hon. Capt. CONSTANTINE PHIPPS and Mr. LUTWIDGE,

Written by an OFFICER of the SQUADRON,



N Friday, June 4, 1773, the *Racehorse* and *Carcase* sailed from the Nore; but the latter being the heavier sailer, it impeded the progress of the voyage. On the 7th we gain- ed Whitby Road; and having completed our vegetable stock, and filled our water, on Sunday the 13th we sailed again with a fresh gale of wind at South, and made Shetland Isle; the next day, at 11 P. M. Brassy Island bearing N. by E. 9 Leagues.

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Saturday, June 12,	Course steered N. 12° E.	distance, 42 Leagues.	Latitude 56. 23 N.
Sunday, — 13	— N. 11 30 E.	— 60 —	— 59. 34 N.
Monday, — 14	— N. 27	— W. — 48 Miles.	— 60. 21 N.
Tuesday, — 15	Brassy-Head in Shetland, W. ½ South 4 Leagues.		

On the 16th we were visited by many Shetland fishing-boats. The people were at first very shy; but after some intreaties they ventured on board; and declared much surprize at viewing the different apartments of the ship, calling the cabbins houses; of which they said there were more than in the town of Larwick.

On the 17th the wind freshing at East; we took a new departure from the North end of Shetland; but the two succeeding days were so foggy, that we could not discern our consort. This obliged us to distinguish our distance by horns, drums or guns, as occasion required. By the different navigators who have frequented the Northern Seas it is observed, that there are no fogs in the spring of the year; but in the advanced part of the summer, these climates are hardly ever without them.

On Sunday the 20th of June we had the sun the whole 24 hours, though we did not feel any sensible change in the weather. It was extremely pleasant; and though the rays of the sun were so very oblique, yet they diffused a moderate heat through the atmosphere, the lowest altitude from the horizon being  $35^{\circ}$  -  $33'$ . To people unacquainted with Astronomy, this constant solar visitation appears to be a most extraordinary phenomenon, as it is a wonderful benefit to those who are under any obligation of sailing in these advanced latitudes.

On the 21st of June, having calm and serene weather, we founded 780

fathoms deep, with a lead of one hundred weight, with which we sunk a thermometer constructed by Lord George Cavendish; and although we were not able to strike the ground; yet we found the water was  $11^{\circ}$  colder at that depth than on the surface. Having spoke with a vessel bound to Hamburg with seals, Mr. *Wyndham*, a gentleman of fortune and classical knowledge, who attended Capt. Phipps upon this expedition, took the opportunity of returning homeward on account of his indisposition; not being able to contend any longer with the severe sickness of the sea. As we proceeded Northward, we began to be sensible of the change of air, which, with the very thick fogs, made it dank and disagreeable. This hazy weather is in general more frequent when the winds blow from W. to N. E.

On the 27th, when we had gained the latitude of  $75^{\circ}$  21' N. the weather began to clear up, with the wind shifting to the S. W. We discovered much wood about the ship, and flocks of small birds about the size and colour of a Linnet, excepting the head, which was of a beautiful bright crimson.

On the 29th we discovered Black Cape, bearing E. by N. 14 leagues. No prospect can exceed the miserable, dreary, barren appearance of this coast! The land is rocky, high, and pointed; and the snow lies in the cliffs the year round, though the sun shines with heat upon it in the summer months; but it is so firmly frozen, that no occa-

Day	Course steered	Distance	Miles	Latitude
Wednesday, June 16, 1773	N. 27° E.	27	118	60. 3' N.
Thursday	N. 19 E.	118	118	63. 0' N.
Friday	N. 2 E.	135	135	65. 20' N.
Saturday	N. 8 E.	63	63	66. 14' N.
Sunday	N. 30 E.	59	59	67. 5' N.
Monday	N. 5 W.	60	60	68. 4' N.
Tuesday	North	150	150	70. 45' N.
Wednesday	N. 4 W.	89	89	72. 22' N.
Thursday	N. 40 E.	81	81	73. 22' N.
Friday	N. 60 E.	99	99	74. 5' N.
Saturday	N. 60 E.	25	25	74. 25' N.
Sunday	N. 12 W.	51	51	75. 21' N.
Monday	N. 13 W.	124	124	77. 33' N.
Tuesday	N. 26 E.	28	28	78. 1' N.

sonal thaw can dissolve it. In this country, which Nature and Vegetation seem to have abandoned, the Russians have established two Colonies, and have wintered two seasons on this inhospitable shore, on which there are no woods or springs. The only water they use is snow boiled, or melted by the sun. This day we fell in with the Marquis of Rockingham, belonging to the Fishery. The Master informed us, that the day before he came out of the ice, and that three ships were just crushed to pieces by the violence of it. The Islands of Ice meet each other, and being differently actuated, some by the currents or tides, and some by the winds, come with such force against each other, that no ship can resist them. In these cases, the crews abandon their vessels, and stay on the ice, till some ship relieves them, or they perish in that deplorable state. He complained greatly of the fogs, assuring us, that he had had but eight hours clear weather in eleven days. The current on the coast of *Spitzbergen* sets Northward, and yet amongst the West ice it sets strong to the Southward; though, in general, amongst the Isles of Ice, we discovered a regular tide, setting N. E. and S. W. and flowing nearly six feet perpendicular, the flood coming in from the N. E. Sea. Upon the large flakes of Ice floating along the shore, we saw many sea-horses and dogs.

The 30th day of June was uncommonly serene and warm; the thermometer rose to 76 exposed to the sun's heat, and at mid-night fell to about 41.

The following day we made *Charles's Island*, upon which is a remarkable high hill, its height being by observation from the level of the sea 3960 feet, about three-fourths of a

mile. This mountain was named *Parnassus*; which could not be meant as a compliment to the Muses or their Poets; for an eternal frost would ill agree with Poetry and the Bays. Were a Bard to unlock the springs of Verse in praise of some Lapland Lady, where would the grateful *Pbyllis* find a sprig to ornament his brows? About this hill we shot a number of various sorts of sea-fowl, which eat extremely well.

On the 3d of July we coasted the shore, having still fine weather. We doubled *Cape Cold*, a name given to the N. W. part of *Charles's Island*. It is a bold cliff covered with snow; the summit was veiled by the clouds. Here we fell in with many vessels upon the Fishery. We received some intelligence from a Bremen vessel. The Master positively assured us, that we could not penetrate above two degrees further North. At 8 A. M. we were abreast the seven *Ice-bergs* (so called by the Dutch). These are seven valleys filled with frozen snow unthawable, and so shaded by high hills on either side, that the sun has no power to dissolve them. The front stands in the sea, which washes and dissolves the under part; the upper part losing its support, tumbles in heavy flakes, and echoes through the valleys like growling thunder. The front of the highest from the sea's surface we judged to be upwards of 100 feet perpendicular. Their aspect has a most beautiful appearance: being variegated with the sun's rays, they appear like the finest painted glass. Under these columns of Ice we anchored in fifteen fathoms water, about three miles from the nearest shore, and sent our boats for water, which they found in great abundance, running down the mountains in small streams, from the moun-

Wednesday, June 30,	Course steered N. 37°	E. distance 20 Miles.	Latitude 78. 8 N.
Thursday, July 1,	———— N. 7	W. ——— 11 ———	———— 78. 11 N.
Friday, ——— 2,	———— N. 13	W. ——— 15 ———	———— 78. 29 N.
Saturday, ——— 3,	———— North	———— 12 ———	———— 78. 36 N.
Sunday, ——— 4,	———— N. 2	E. ——— 57 ———	———— 79. 29 N.

ing of the snow and ice. Here we heard of fifteen Russians who had attempted to winter on this inhospitable shore, but ten perished with cold and the scurvy.

On Monday, July 5, we found the weather very foggy, but saw a number of large white sea-fowls not unlike the heron. About 11 P. M. we weighed and ceased, but found ourselves suddenly surrounded with rocks, which obliged us to haul to the westward; where we soon discovered the ice, being then in the latitude of  $80^{\circ} 15' N.$  The fog continuing the next day, we were alarmed upon hearing a great noise like a surf beating on a hollow rocky shore; and as soon as the weather cleared up, we discovered the ice right a-head in a continental body; the extremes stretching from the N. W. point of the compass to the East. Nothing could equal the horrid appearance of the ice through the fog. As far as we could discern, it appeared like so many high, broken, craggy hills. The wind blowing right upon it, and the sea agitating the ice, made the flakes crash and grind together, which occasioned the dissonant noise we heard before in the fog. The set of the ice was strong to the S. E. We sounded with 55 fathoms of line, but got no ground. We continued to sail along the out-flirts about 10 leagues, when we discovered Hacluit's Head-Land bearing S. S. E. 4 leagues—a horrid, ragged country, about the latitude of  $80^{\circ} N.$

On Wednesday, the 7th of July, the weather was moderate, though very cloudy. We shaped our course to the Eastward along the ice; and though we took much pains to avoid the floating pieces severed from the great body, by

bearing up for one, and luffing for another, yet in spite of these precautions, and the use of our ice-poles, we frequently run against them with such violence, as even to throw us upon the decks; and by an accident of this kind we had nearly brought the *Carcase* on board of us. Our intention of sailing thus, was in hopes of meeting with an opening to have pushed through to the Northward; though we now began to be convinced that the frost was more intense to the eastward than the westward, and that no channel could be so far to the northward, where the ice was so regularly and durably cemented. The ice had a most pleasing and romantic appearance, being beautifully shaded with bright blue.

After pursuing our course about five leagues further to the eastward, we discovered the main body of ice joined to the land; so that our hopes of proceeding to the northward were frustrated. A consultation was immediately held, and the Pilots represented, that there was not the least probability of a passage, and that by any further delay we ran a risk of the ships' being suddenly inclosed with the floating fields of ice, and in consequence thereof must be crushed to pieces. The ice now almost surrounded us, the currents driving flake against flake with irresistible force.—The truth of this we were very soon convinced of; for the wind soon after abating, though the sea was perfectly smooth, yet in turning the ship's head to the westward, a circular current drove the ice all around us with an amazing impetuosity.—In a short time we were wedged in; upon which we used our ice-anchors, and forced the ship through to the looser ice, until a breeze of wind sprung up,

- 
- Monday, July 5, Course steered N.  $33^{\circ}$  W. Distance 17 Miles. Latitude  $79. 5 N.$   
 Tuesday, July 6, ----- Hacluit's Head-Land E.  $20^{\circ}$  S. Distance 6 Leagues.  
 Latitude  $79. 54$  North.  
 Wednesday, --- 7, Gekloof de Clip, bearing west  $7\frac{1}{2}$  S. leagues Soundings from 25 fathoms to 13; muddy and rocky ground, with stones and live worms; the shoal water was occasioned by a reef of rocks, on which we repeatedly sounded from 13 to 28 fathoms.  
 Thursday ---- 8, --- About 3 leagues from the nearest land.

which

which carried us again to the westward.

The weather now became thick, and at times foggy. We had the wind generally to the S. S. W. which we took the advantage of, and pushed through to the westward.—We saw some ships, and spoke with a Greenlander bound home.

On Sunday the 11th the weather clearing away, we discovered a great body of ice from the N. W. to the N. E. that appeared to be firmly united; upon which we stood away to the S. E. to assure our situation, and prevent being frozen up. The weather this day was colder than ever we had felt it; the Thermometer fell from  $41^{\circ}$  to  $37^{\circ}$ . At noon we discovered the Land of Vogle Sound, bearing E. S. E. 6 or 7 leagues. This Land is the N. W. extremity of Spitzbergen, being 10 miles North of Hacluit's Head-Land, the latitude of which is in  $80^{\circ}$  N. We now felt a very heavy swell from the westward, which occasioned the ships to receive many severe shocks from the ice. On the 13th the ships drove in shore, being calm weather. It was difficult to determine here, whether the tides were regular or not.—We observed the ships to drive S. W. 6 hours, and N. E. the same time; and the flood was from the northward. But the wind springing up suddenly at S. W. and blowing strong, we bore away for Vogle Sound, where we anchored in 10 fathoms water.—We met many vessels here upon the different fisheries.—We now took an opportunity to compleat our water, having often tried Doctor Irwin's scheme in vain of making salt water fresh; which never answered in any perfection, not even to be so freshened that the hogs might drink it. Here we observed the tracks of many reindeer. We picked up a great many of their horns, which were scattered up and down the shore. To a small island in the center of the Sound of Vogle we sent our astronomical instruments, to make such observations as were necessary. This Island is a

solid rock of white marble, with a very thin foil of sand and clay; and in many places it is covered with a fine moss. There was a Dutchman buried here a few days before our arrival, as appeared by an inscription on a board; the body was covered over with a pile of stones to prevent the Bear from digging it up; for when this animal is severely drove for food, he always frequents these burial-places to feed on the human carcases.

Upon this Marble Island we erected two tents, where we were visited by many Dutchmen.—Our Surgeon made an excursion to one of the highest neighbouring mountains, which he found by the barometer to be 1300 feet perpendicular: There were several around it considerably higher, but quite inaccessible. It was with much labour that he obtained the summit of this mountain, being obliged to pass many lofty hills of ice, which are full of dangerous cracks, being sometimes covered over with very thin ice, or snow, which require great caution to avoid. A Surgeon belonging to a Dutch ship in *Mackalina* Harbour being out a-shooting, unhappily fell down one of these fissures: He was heard to groan terribly for a long time;—a line was lowered down many fathoms, in hopes he might see it; but all to no purpose; he perished in most lingering and excruciating tortures.

We found here many Foxes, grey and black, of a peculiar cunning. When they want to secure their prey (which is in general Birds), they extend themselves on the snow as if they were dead; the Birds instantly hover about the body to feed upon it: but as soon as the Fox discovers one within his reach, he springs up and secures the prize. Upon the shore of this isle, we found the tide to rise 4 feet perpendicular: It flowed eastward about 5 hours, and ebbed westward 7. It is strong and irregular, being opposed by different currents, which run amongst these islands. We shot a great many different kinds of Birds, the descriptions of which I have here subjoined.

## The MOUNTAIN DUCK

Is of the Wild Duck kind; but of the size of a Goose. The bill and body are like the Common Duck. The Drake is a beautiful black and white bird; the Duck is brown. Their necks are much shorter than the Common Ducks; their eggs are of a pale blueish colour, which they lay in nests composed of down and fine moss. They are not shy, and fly in large flocks.

## The KIRMEW, or SWALLOW,

Is a bird of the most beautiful plumage in these latitudes. It appears, when flying, to be very large, on account of the length of its wings, and the long feathers of its tail; but when picked, the body is not larger than a Lark. The bill and claws are of a beautiful crimson colour: the eyes and talons are of a bright jet black, and the body of a pearl grey: the feathers are white under the wings and tail. The upper part of the head is black, and the sides white. The tail has four forked feathers, and the sides of the margin feathers of the wing are black. They fly in pairs, and are easily shot. They are very careless of their eggs, which are of the size of a pigeon's; and drop them promiscuously on the moss: they are of a dirty greenish colour, with black specks. The food of this bird is shrimps and small prawns.

## The SNIFE

Is very plentiful, and much like that of all southern Climes, but smaller.

## The BURGO MASTER,

So called by the Dutch who frequent these seas, is as big as a stork. The legs are not so long, and the claws are palmated; the first are grey, and the latter black. The back and the wings are of a bright pearl colour; the head, neck, body, and tail, are white; the eyes are black, with a bright scarlet ring round them. It builds very high in the cliffs, and feeds upon birds, or the fat of whales, or other dead fishes. It flies single, but many will hover about a dead carcase. It often rests upon the water, but never dives.

On the 19th day of July we had another visit from a Dutch boat, which

came through the arch of an Ice-Mountain forty feet high. The water poured through this crystalline passage like a great river:—it had a most beautiful appearance when the sun shone upon it, being variegated with many bright transparent particles. The people had been in search of wood, and had found a great quantity, particularly a large Birch-tree, twenty feet long, and two feet in diameter. It is very doubtful from whence this wood can come, as there is not the least appearance of a single tree growing upon the coast, excepting the willow, which we brought home with us.

As we discovered the ice setting in for the land very rapidly, we dispatched our observations as fast as possible. The Thermometer exposed to the sun for five minutes, rose from 56° confined air, to 89°. We also observed that the Thermometer, which was carried to the top of the mountain, was there ten degrees higher than below. This experiment was made at the same time that the height of the mountain was determined by the Barometer. This Marble Island lies low and level, and therefore is not subject to be covered with snow, and, consequently, more exposed to the intense severities of the frosts, which split the rocks; so that only small pieces of solid stone were to be seen. We observed the same in all places exposed to a northern aspect. We have had sufficient proofs that the severity of frost will split metals as well as stones (excepting gold, which it expands). This must be certainly owing to the small particles of fluid matter contained in those substances, which, by freezing, extend the properties, and, consequently, sever the substance.

We now took leave of this hard, inhospitable shore, and steered away to the eastward, still flattered with the hopes of finding an opening through the ice to the northward. On the 20th, at 6 P. M. we saw a phenomenon which is very common in these latitudes. By Seamen it is called the *Mock-sun*, and by Philosophers *Parhelium*.

This



This meteor appeared about 15 minutes of a bright colour, but rather paler than the sun; and upon the air's clearing up, it disappeared. It is produced by thick clouds gathering on the sides of the sun; in which the broken solar rays being gathered, the face of the sun is represented therein. The loose ice being now extremely thick about us, obliged us to shorten sail.—We saw more whales this day than at any time since we had been out. We began to be very sensible of the frosts, and the snow fell continually; and though we had steered well to the northward, we found ourselves at noon, on the 21st of July, in the latitude  $79^{\circ} 27'$  N. which makes an error in our log of 20 miles: the cause we attributed to the strong set of the southern currents.

On the 23d inst. we saw Spitzbergen and Vogle Sound S. E. of us seven leagues. The whales and seals were now very numerous; but the loose fields of ice so troublesome, that in running at the rate of seven knots, one of them brought the ship round up, and with such violence, that it carried away the mouldings of the quarter, and did other inconsiderable damages. The succeeding day at noon, we discovered Red-hill, S. S. W. 4 miles. From this mount a low even land is extended about fourteen miles, perfectly clear of snow, and which seemed to be more habitable than any other land we had yet discovered. All the prior navigators have called it *Deer-field*, from the quantities of rein-deer which frequent it. To the eastward of this land lies a small, low, black spot, called *Muffin Isle*, which appears exactly like a black line drawn along the horizon. We had now less ice than before, and struck soundings continually from 24 to 11 fathoms, rocky ground with small stones. We dispatched our

boats to this low Island, where the Crews engaged several very large Bears: one in particular made so gallant a defence, that he obliged the people to quit the field, and they in their hurry left behind them several half pikes. They also killed a Sea-horse, which made a very fierce resistance, attacking the boats with amazing fury; but at last he fell overpowered, and was not less than a large ox.

On the 27th the weather was foggy and calm.—One of our seamen died of a decline, having been long in a bad state of health: our people in general were in high spirits and good health. The following midnight we saw several islands to the northward. We were then by a good observation in the latitude of  $80^{\circ} 37'$  North. We were now quite embayed with ice, which appeared to be running rapidly to the S. E.—This ice was a great deal higher than any we had yet discovered to the westward of Hacluit's Head-land. During the last 48 hours the weather was fine and serene, and pleasant as the month of May in more southern climates. A great number of Seals were sporting and gamboling about, as if they enjoyed the fineness of the weather, and seemed to shew their gratitude in their joy and activity. We sent our boats to shore in quest of some Sea-horses, which attacked the people and the boats with great fury, and obliged them to retreat: there was much drift wood upon this Island, and many trees fresh felled. It lies in about  $80^{\circ} 31'$  North.

On the 31st of July we observed the ice to run to the S. E. round the Seven Islands; but the western ice drove in very fast to the shore, and joined the land; upon which we got out our ice-anchors, and made the ship fast; as did the *Carcase*. A breeze springing up

Monday, July 26, Course S. 61 E. Distance 40 miles. Latitude  $80^{\circ} 17'$  N. Cloven Cliff, S. 42 W. 69 miles.

Tuesday, 27 ————— C ————— N. 23 E. ————— D. ————— 34 ————— Lat.  $80^{\circ} 48'$ . —————

@ Cloven Cliff S. 58 W. 26 leagues.

before

before noon the succeeding day, we attempted to force a passage through, but in vain; so we moored the ship again to the ice: At this time I measured a flake of ice, which was 24 feet 10 inches thick, and floated about 2 feet 3 inches above the water's surface. We now discovered nothing from the mast-heads but one continued plain of ice: our people were nevertheless in high spirits, and playing a thousand gambols about the ships. We shot at many Bears which made towards the vessels; but we only brought down one, though we wounded many with musket-shot. That which we killed weighed without the skin and entrails 602 pounds. In this situation we had soundings at 64 fathoms muddy ground, being in the latitude of 30° 31' North; the nearest island being 2 or 3 miles to northward of us. We now began to be more serious than before about our situation, as the ice gave no signs of moving. We attempted to cut a channel to the westward; but this was a fruitless attempt. We then cut a dock out for the ships, and moored them to the ice. We looked out in vain, but could discover no sea from our mast-heads, tho' the atmosphere was fine, serene, and clear. Many Bears visited the ships, and we wounded many; but they got off with a brace of musquet-balls in their bodies; for we found it impossible to kill them unless they were struck in some particular part, where the hair was less thick and the skin more vulnerable. We eat of many; the flesh was good, and not unlike the taste of beef. We sent two of the Pilots to the nearest highest land to try to find a passage or an opening; but all was ice as far as ever the eye could range. The ship drove bodily with the ice N. W. and S. E. as the tides or winds effected. We altered our soundings from 33 to 23 fathoms of water, tho' the ground was much the same.

We dispatched now another party of people to the Westernmost Island. They were gone about twenty hours, being 20 miles distant from the ships. They met with nothing on their journey but

Bears and their cubs, a number of which were killed from the vessels. Our situation beginning now to grow rather fixed and serious, a Council of Officers was assembled, at which the Pilots assisted, to consult about the state of the ships; when it was unanimously agreed, that there was no possibility of saving them, as the ice pressed them together very much, unless it separated; which could only be at the gracious interposition of Providence. The next consideration was self-preservation. The season being now far advanced, and we at a great distance from any vessels, it was resolved to prepare the boats, and fit them with coverings, so that we might drag them over the ice, until we obtained clear water, when they were to be launched; and in them we were to endeavour to obtain the northernmost harbour of Spitzbergen, in hopes of joining some of the late ships which might not be failed to the Southward. Our people in this dilemma were all in the highest spirits; so we got out our launches and boats, and prepared them for skating over the ice. Every man had a canvas bag given him, which contained twenty pounds of bread, without distinction of persons; each man being obliged to prepare for his own safety. It was now one entire scene of confusion in all our cabbins; for the Officers had clothed themselves in such things as they best approved; the rest were given to the Seamen to fit themselves as they liked best, and to take any thing which was more acceptable than their own. The Sailors, who, amidst every distress, never lose their jokes or their spirits, clad themselves in what appeared the most valuable; so that the two ships companies made up a most motley masquerade. The ship was found to shoal her water continually to even 13 fathoms: and now no hope was left of safety, but by trying the chance of an expedition over the ice; for which the people at 4 P. M. on Sunday the 8th of August were all prepared, and with uncommon alacrity left their ships frozen up. [To be continued.]

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## THE ENGLISH THEATRE.

*Damnosa quid non imminuit Dies?**Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit;**Nos nequiores; mox datures,**Progeniem vitiosorem.*

Hor. Lib. III. Od. 6.

Time sensibly all things impairs :  
 Our Fathers have been worse than their's,  
 And we than ours : next Age will see  
 A race more dull and vain than we.

ROSC.

WHEN we opened this department of our Miscellany in the last Theatrical Season, we placed before our Readers a short historical and critical view of the English Stage in all its progressive stages, from infancy to the present time. In that sketch we pronounced our opinion, that the Drama of our Country was in its decline, and that its recovery was not to be effected. We retain the same opinion still, with an accession of new arguments in its favour. At this juncture we have not leisure to enlarge upon these; but we venture to offer it as an incontrovertible maxim to our readers, that when the stream of Dramatic Genius turns aside from its great and natural channel of action, dividing itself into small and shallow rivulets to wander amongst the meads, and to dally in the groves, no literary Hercules will ever appear who can collect the scattered stream, and pour it down its wonted course. We will drop metaphor. The natural business of the Stage is the just representation of good plays. The Play and the Player are to be chosen. Have our Theatres done this? or will they ever do it? A dull play is found, and it is discovered that it will admit of a Pageant. Its merit and its splendour are echoed a week in the news-papers, and the Public at length are cajoled to see the most wretched of the wretches of the theatre, the superannuated, the invalid, the decrepid, walk as gouty Lords or lame Priests. On another lucid occasion the Manager has conceived a hap-

py thought for an Occasional Scene. But how introduce it? Draw the lot. It falls upon a Masque, and lucky it was that some Tragedy escaped it. A new Dancer arrives from Italy. He moves nimbly. We must see him. The Play is bad, and so is the Farce; but what is that to us? or how dare we scoundrels complain? We had the comfort to see a fellow leap very high. A girl has a good face, but she cannot play. However, she does play, because her face is new, and new faces are liked. Lucky it is for us, that it was a good one; for the only entertainment we received was to gaze upon it. These Managers do not treat us openly, and speak to our judgments. They have nets for us, in which they entrap us as they can. Their Theatres are Booths, and they are themselves the Mummers; the booby Rabble surrounds them; and the Mummer who decoys the best, laughs the loudest.—It is long since the poet told us all this would happen:

— Omnia fatis

In pejus ruere, ac retro sublapsa referri.

VIRG.

The Fates decree, that all things here below  
 Rush into worse, and ever downward go.

DRYDEN.

Such is the sad situation of the Stage of Britain! Each succeeding season throws a new damp upon the spirit of the Dramatic Muse, and gives birth to a plentiful variety of that trivial finesse, and those despicable modes of  
 deceit,

deceit, which disgrace Taste and Letters.

#### DRURY-LANE THEATRE.

Scarcely any thing has occurred here that is worthy of being recorded. The most considerable, and by far the most exquisite, part of the entertainment has been afforded by Mr. Garrick himself, who has frequently graced the Stage since the commencement of this season. Druggier, Ranger, Leon, Lufignan, Benedick, Kately, he has performed in the full vigour of his limbs and judgment.

The Masque of Alfred, including an occasional scene descriptive of the position of the British fleet at the late Naval Review, has been exhibited here. The naval painting was excellent, but the masque was received with that coldness which it communicated to the Audience.

An ancient Comedy, entitled Albu-mazar, has also been represented here. The Comedy is a good one; and as it speaks not to any follies now existing, we may denominate it a harmless one too.

#### COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

Early in the season a young Lady (Miss Jameson) was introduced to the Public in the character of Rosetta, in *Love in a Village*. Her musical powers were not extraordinary; her acting powers still worse.

A Miss Wilde succeeded next as a new Actress. She appeared first in the character of Charlotte in the *Hypocrite*. Whether it was her own choice, or the advice of her friends, which led her to attempt this difficult character, it was injudiciously done. Charlotte requires many fine qualities to represent her, not one of which Miss Wilde possessed.

A Mr. Lewis followed these. He has been invited hither from the Dublin Theatre; and the quickness of his talents has marked him chiefly for the service of the Comic Muse. Perhaps

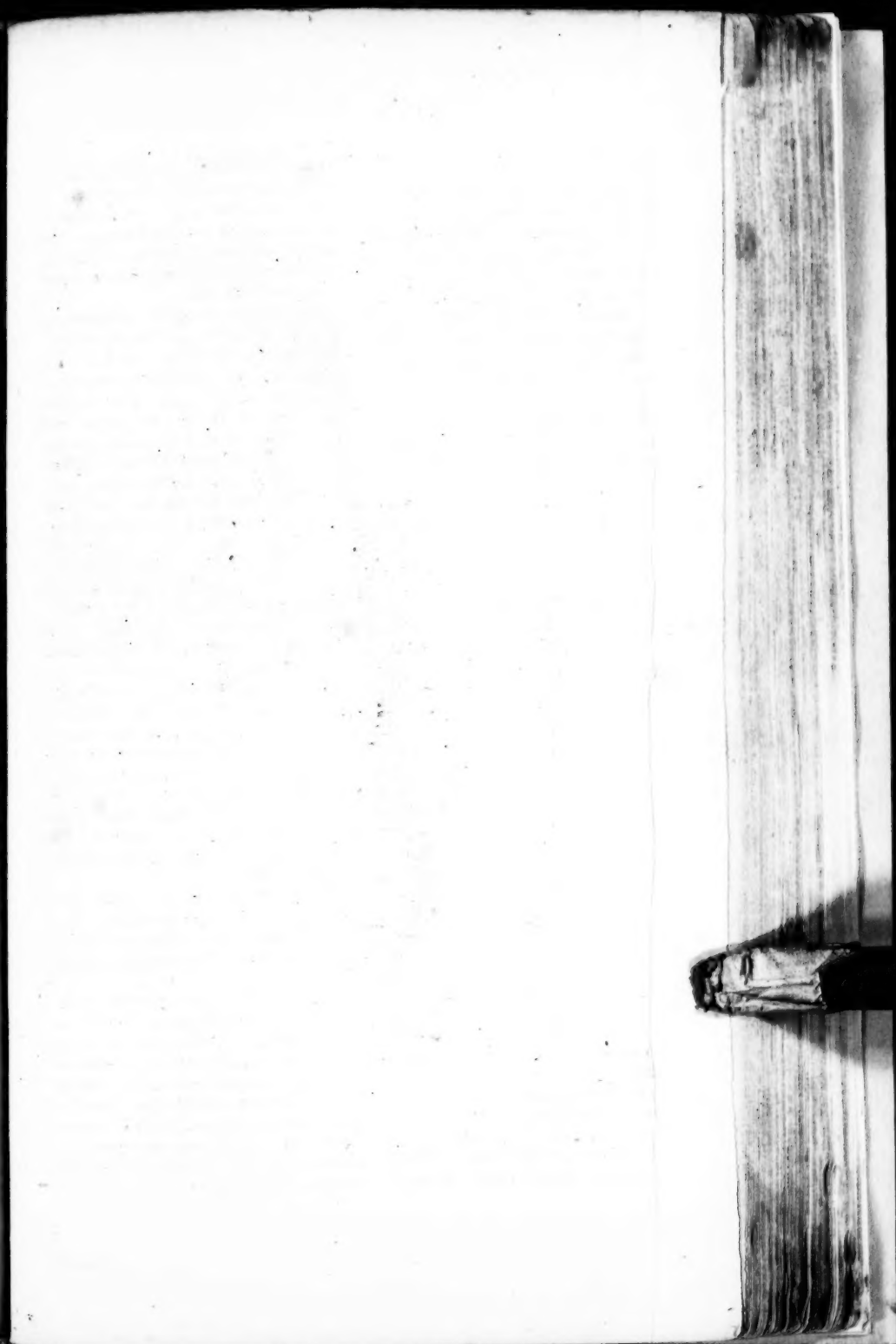
it was greatly to his disadvantage that he was introduced to the Public in one of the most unnatural characters in the possession of the Stage, *viz.* Belcour, in the *Comedy of the West-Indian*. We suppress our opinion of his abilities till we observe him display them in at least a natural character.

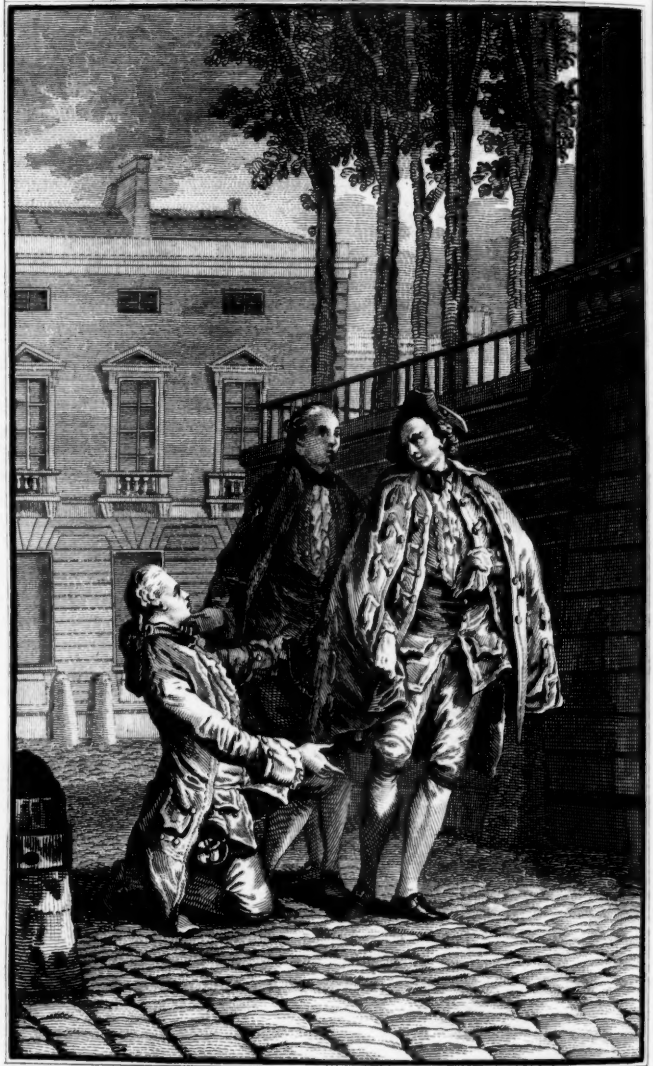
But the most singular occurrence at this House is the performance of *Macbeth* by Mr. Macklin, who has made a first attempt in this character in the 75th year of his age. The wonderful force and variety of pathos with which this character abounds, the unebbing tide of passions, the incessant whirl of business, and the vigour without abatement, on the one hand: on the other, the slackened nerve, the un-ardent eye, the tardy step, and the other enfeebled qualities of pithless Seventy-five—these contrasted circumstances naturally excited the curiosity and astonishment of the Public. The Veteran was pitied by all those who had not given him their contempt. In the account of his success, the News-paper Critics have (strange to tell!) accorded very closely; and (still stranger perhaps!) our opinion coincides with their's. Mr. Macklin's judgment, in his performance of the character of Macbeth, was allowed to be as vigorous as his execution was feeble. He knew what he ought to do, but he could not do it.

Upon the whole, we regard Mr. Macklin's attempt to personate Macbeth, as one of those intemperate freaks of the will which are peculiar to Old Men.

A great Wit being asked his opinion of Macklin's Macbeth is said to have replied, "I think his not being able to execute his intentions in performing that character, is exactly similar to the account Dictionary Johnson, some time since, gave of his conversation, *viz.* That it was an eternal *renovation of hope*, followed by an *everlasting disappointment*."

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*The Brothers: or, Love by Moon light.*

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## THE BROTHER:

OR,  
LOVE BY MOON-LIGHT.

[Embellished with an Elegant COPPER PLATE.]

When the Moon,  
Her glories scatter'd o'er the curling clouds,  
Glides on the face of Heaven's robes when the stars  
Smile in their golden splendours; and the breeze  
Scarce wafts the Summer's perfume: then delights  
The Lover, in the dewy grove conceal'd,  
To murmur sweetly in his Mistress' ear,  
To breathe his hopes, to whisper to be kind,  
And tie the mystic knot of holy Love.

REL. PHIL. CAS.

WHEN I was in France about two summers ago, in one of the Interior Provinces, the public conversation had long agitated the little Anecdote I am about to relate. It speaks only of private individuals, unmarked by the favour of their King, or the leis substantial honours of Nobility, or other dignified rank; but as most people talked of it with applause, there are but few people who will not find it to be deserving of being heard. Virtue and Vice, in every degree of their extent, hold forth documents to the man who can use them.

Those who (like the great Father of the French Philosophy) have talked of Virtue and Honour as separate and distinct qualities, have told us that the former is the native of free, and the latter of absolute, Governments. Perhaps, admitting certain exceptions that arise from the advancing refinement of manners, Virtue may be allowed to flourish fairest in the soil of Freedom; but that Honour is most peculiar to the land of Despotic Monarchy, is an axiom which establishes itself against all objections.

It is allowed that the veins of the French and of the English soldier swell equally big; but while the Frenchman's pulse beats high with the tide of glory only, the Englishman's veins are swelled with the tide of —

bes-gravy. If the bosom of the com-

mon foldier of France is the habitation of principles so exalted, motives so vigorous, what ought we not to look for in that of a French Officer?

Francis Renaud was one of those, and had served with great valour in the latter campaigns of the last war between France and England. After the peace of Paris was concluded, he and his sister Elvire were the only persons of their family who had survived the horrors of a plague at Marseilles; and taking with them all their effects that were portable, they removed to a distant province. Here, with St. Lilly, the loved companion of Renaud in all his military toils, they lived some years; when the two youthful soldiers, disdainng a life of idleness and ease while there was war in any part of Europe, procured permission of the Court, and embarked for Turkey, to enter under the Ottoman banners.

This amiable little association (instances of which are to be plentifully found in every domination in Europe, except in that of Great Britain, because the blandishments of private society have been less cultivated in Great Britain than in any other part of Europe) consisting of Renaud, St. Lilly, and Elvire, enjoyed all those exquisite sensations which virtuous souls so naturally communicate to each other. Each threw into the general

stock an ample share of affection and friendship; and the young gentlemen, while they formed the resolution to dissolve this happy partnership, regretted it perhaps as much as Elvire did.

Few need be told, that there are certain passions which operate with peculiar force in certain situations of life. Such a situation as we have just described was well calculated for calling the finest passions into play; and when there were two such admirable and well-tempered subjects as St. Lilly and Elvire to work upon, the business may be supposed to have met with few interruptions. They had every opportunity of knowing each other, of admiring and of loving. Their hearts met each other (as it were) by mutual consent, and the cause which was to part them involved each in regret and grief. It is true, they might have been united before his departure, but this would be placing the helpless Elvire in a much more precarious situation than she could otherwise be. It would be putting her in possession of the fruit, and depriving her, like Tantalus, of the liberty of tasting it. Besides, in case of the husband's death, the situation of a widow destitute of fortune and friends is not very tempting.

It only remained then to dispose of Elvire in security during the absence of her Brother and Lover. Only one view presented itself here, and it appeared to be perfectly satisfactory. The Sieur Bayard, who had been their neighbour and frequent companion since their residence in that country, was zealous in every thing which could operate to their interest. The Sieur was advanced in years, and had a son at the University of Poitiers: in his fortune he was independent; in his temper generous; but haughty, and tinctured with the unconquerable pride of Family. He had frequently shared in the convivial happiness of the young friends; and in return, his house was open to any freedom they might wish to use. On this occasion he almost outran their wishes; for he no sooner

heard the intention of the young gentlemen, than he politely offered the use of his house and family to Elvire till their return. This was accepted.

I cannot stay to be minute. The preparations finished, the fixed day come, and the journey on the point of being begun, Renaud called his sister apart, and spoke to her with great energy in favour of his friend St. Lilly. He enlarged to her on his worth, and assured her his (Renaud's) whole soul was fixed upon a nearer connection with him through her means; begged her to guard well her behaviour and her heart, and still to preserve sacred the friendship of a Lover and of a Brother. This said, Renaud and St. Lilly took an affectionate leave of the disconsolate Elvire, and they parted.

The Sieur Bayard's house offered every consolation to Elvire that could mitigate her grief. By degrees she recovered her spirits, and in a few months her natural cheerfulness seemed to be perfectly re-established, when the son of the Sieur Bayard returned from the University.

Young Bayard had a manly figure, but not an elegant one: he was made not finely, but strongly. The refinements with which Nature had gifted him were entirely lavished inwardly. It was lucky that his heart was good, and always disposed to do well, otherwise the commitment of much evil was in his power; for his soul was gifted with all those little powers of invention, intrigue and execution, which rendered his purposes always successful. He was not expressly a man of design: but it happened, that when he did not act in that character, he generally pleased without wishing to please.

Such was Bayard. Elvire (whom, strange to tell! we have not yet described) had as little beauty as Bayard had elegance: but the Graces which were profusely scattered over every thing which she did, atoned abundantly for the loss of so trifling a quality as Beauty, which is generally found



found to be in the possession of ideots; not that Idiottism (or Folly) has any peculiar right to Beauty, but that Beauty has a peculiar right to Idiottism.

Thus, without any striking attractions on either side at first sight, they marked each other for some time only with those polite attentions with which well-bred people compliment each other. There was no enemy in the view of either party, and where there was no danger there was no prevention. It was thus a short time glided away in security: a little longer, and each was agreeable in the eye of the other; a little still further on, and their qualities were mutually amiable. They really loved each other, but their actions discovered it some time perhaps before their thoughts, and long before their words. When Bayard, however, discovered how it was, he wished to give every thing as advantageous a turn as possible. He had no objections to being in love with so amiable a woman: instead of extinguishing, he wished to feed the flame: and when Elvire met his hopes with coyness, he failed not to call forth some of those never-failing stratagems which his wit was so well skilled in. Indeed, great art was not necessary; Elvire's coyness was dissemblance, and a few days surmounted it: St. Lilly was forgot as a lover, and Bayard alone triumphed.

In these transactions old Bayard possessed no share nor intelligence. It was necessary he should not. Tho' he wanted not (as we have said) excellent qualities, he had none which could have been favourable to such a love as this. Bayard was destined to be the head of a respectable family, and the Heir of a noble Fortune: whereas Elvire was without fortune, and perhaps without a family-roll. To discover it therefore would have been fatal; for his resentments were strong, and not easily to be pacified. Hence, when the lovers began to treat and communicate openly with each other, they were obliged to proceed

with unusual caution: in his presence they affected their usual indifference, and retired to indulge their softer moments in the grove. To this purpose they found the night the most convenient season; it screened them from the observation of any person whatever, so that suspicion was soothed into sleep in every quarter.

These Moon-light meetings were continued some time without any interruption, and with increasing delight. But this was not sufficient. The human heart is never tired of the chase, while there is a step of ground to be run upon. Bayard began to suppose, that the raptures of the mere Cupid were comfortless in comparison to those of the more delectable Hymen. He communicated his emotions to Elvire, and proposed to bring a Priest to quell them. But this proposal recalled other pangs to the mind of Elvire; pangs to which Bayard was yet a stranger. The love of St. Lilly, the commands of her Brother, and her own promises to both, rushed upon her mind, and involved her in confusion. She informed Bayard of every thing; and Bayard, like a good and worthy physician, proceeded directly to the cure of all her complaints, which he effected with his usual success in a very short time. Besides, he informed her that he was to run a risk at least as great as her own; that his father's objections on *his* part would be at least as great and as difficult to surmount as her brother's on *her* part; and that as the danger was equal, so ought their resolution to be. Thus all obstructions being removed, they were united, in the greatest privacy, by a Member of the Church.

The months rolled on in tender dalliance, and the transactions of the lovers escaped all observation. They were first betrayed by the arching protuberance of the form of Elvire, which now grew daily upon the eye, and, as it increased, increased her shame. Nothing but the relation of the truth could have shielded her reputation from the slander of the World: but

to relate the truth was yet impossible; for, without doing any material service to Elvire, it would have involved Bayard in irretrievable ruin. It was therefore judged more prudent to suffer the torch of Scandal to burn a little while longer, than to attempt to extinguish it: and the neighbourhood was ringing with the shame of poor Elvire, when St. Lilly very unexpectedly arrived in it.

This sudden and unexpected arrival is accounted for. The youthful foldiers had joined the Turkish army at their encampment in Romelia, and were engaged in several actions; but the fantastic and unfoldierly pride of the Ottomans disgusted them, as well as the rest of their nation who had enlisted in the same expedition. The tardy action of these Eastern soldiers in war, and their insuperable haughtiness to strangers, were incompatible with the quicker and more vigorous spirit of the Europeans. Our two Frenchmen, therefore, and chiefly St. Lilly, tired of a scene which presented them with no prospect of promotion or fame, sighed for their native country. They left the army, and travelled together to the borders of the kingdom; when St. Lilly, with the impatience of a true gallant, left his companion, in order, by performing double posts, to have as early a sight as possible of his beloved Elvire. He arrived, and found her—with child—in disgrace—her defamer unknown.

The affectionate and affected St. Lilly was astonished at every thing he heard, and every thing he saw. Besides his own griefs, he had to feel those of a Friend and of a mistress. He enquired of Elvire concerning her misfortune; he enquired in the family of Bayard, and he enquired in fifty places, but every where in vain: finding his attempts unsatisfied, he retired to his hotel to wait in silence the arrival of his friend.

Renaud (rough and unpolished as he was from his journey, in his Hussar coat, half covering an old suit of

regimentals) arrived immediately, and St. Lilly gave him the first meeting; at which time he repeated to him the misfortunes which had happened in their absence; but threw in all the mitigating circumstances his invention could lay hold of. It availed but little with Renaud, whose honour was wounded in his sister; and burning with resentment, he sought the house of old Bayard.

In the period between the arrival of St. Lilly and that of Renaud, the reader's imagination must paint the situation of poor Elvire's mind: on the one side the jealous pride of the father, and on the other the proud honour of the brother. If the marriage was not concealed, it was destruction to her husband; if it was concealed, it was destruction to herself.

Renaud entered furiously the saloon, "Where (says he) where is this treacherous friend, this vile guardian of female innocence, this tarnisher of virgin fame?"

Surely (replied Old Bayard) Renaud cannot mean *me*?

"Where is my Sister?"

In her apartment.

"Where *was* she? Where did she blast her honour? What ruffian did you hire to ruin her?"

Sir (said the old man), your sentiments are ungenerous, and your language is unmannerly. I will teach you that I am not to be insulted by the wanderers whom I have protected. In the mean time, Sir, go, in blushes, to your sister, and learn of her what sort of man I am.

"Yes (answered Renaud, sedately) I will go in blushes to my sister, and it is you who have painted them. Yes, you traitor to the trust you bore, I will go in blushes, but they shall be washed from my family by the blood of your's!"

He left the room, and flew to the apartment of Elvire. Elvire was not to be found. He was returning in rage to the old man, when young Bayard and St. Lilly interrupted him.

"Stop, Renaud, (said Bayard, in a supplicating

supplicating tone) stop your fury, and your Honour shall soon be satisfied. A few moments, and"—

And who are you, Sir? (interrupted Bayard).

"Vincent Bayard, (replied he) the son of that Vincent Bayard whom you have unjustly treated."

Then (replied Renaud) you are come of a villain race, and I hate every atom of you.

"May I die! (returned the youth) if thou canst provoke me!--Only a minute----a moment----a second---- Nay, I kneel to you--here, Renaud, I kneel to you [See the Plate.] ('tis for Elvire I kneel)—incense not my father—by the honour I love, believe me, your sister has not been injured."—

Not injured! (exclaimed the brother)—a canting, trifling, hypocritical—

"Know then, (replied the youth rising, and brandishing his hand in air) that I am her husband, and will protect her fame."

Calmness, blended with firmness, was painted upon the face of Renaud: astonishment, mixed with friendly regret, sat on the aspect of St. Lilly. But all of them became suddenly cool, and Bayard described to them the causes of the mystery of the marriage—on

the part of Elvire, the fear of her brother—and on his own part, the lofty views of his father. In the present case, therefore, he only begged their assistance in opening the business to his father, and in reconciling him to it. This once more unhinged the temper of Renaud, who bluntly exclaimed, that he would *oblige* him to approve her for his daughter, and that she was equal to his highest wishes. Here the goodnatured St. Lilly interposed, and by argument subdued his spirit to their wishes.

But what is become of Elvire? (said Renaud.)

"She is in the garden (replied her husband), whither I removed her from the storm I saw approaching.—Alas! she would have wept herself to death!"

They went to the garden, and Elvire had *bled* almost to death. Afraid of her griefs—and of her friends—she had opened a vein, to fly from both. Yet she was recovered to life, though three months were spent in the operation. She lost her child; but lives now to enjoy the love of her husband, the reconciliation of his father, and the friendship of her brother.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

PICTURES of the TIMES.

NOBILITY.

THE Old Men place their *sum-mum bonum* in dainties and high living; the Young Men in voluptuousness and dissipation; and both agree in squandering what cost their Ancestors an age of pain to get. Cards, Gallants, and fine Equipages, engross most of the Ladies attention, and they think it their duty to assist in spending their Husbands' fortunes.

DIVINITY.

THE Heads of the Church grow fat, while the poor Curates grow lean. The Bishops are turned Men of *pleasure*, and their Ladies Women of *fashion*. The superior Clergy get

rich, and the Inferior are beggars, Cards, *fish*ing, and *drinking punch*, engage the Opulent, and sorrow and affliction the Distressed. Pride and Avarice are the intimate companions of the former; discontent and humility, of the latter.

LAW.

THE Town Lawyer is still the same; setting people a-quarrelling in the Vacation, and receiving the benefit of it in the Term. His wits are always at work, and at every one's service *for a fee*. His delight is in wrangling, and after getting as much by it as he can, he advises peace and quietness.

THE Country Lawyer has some of his

his Brother Town's principles. He rejoices at handling money, and will make a poor *relation* clean his shoes, and send his *Clerk* on errands to save himself expence. He is the orator of *Parish Meetings* and *Alcove Clubs*, and trudges to the *Quarter Session* with his *carthorse*, *Clerk*, and *portmanteau*, with all the formality and parade of a *Collector of Excise*.

#### PHYSIC.

THIS Science used chiefly to lay in the *Wig*, but many have now laid it aside. Even Men of *Fifty* have done it, and clapt on a Tail of *monstrous size*, in which their knowledge is now deposited. Pompous speeches and unintelligible phrases fill mark the Sons of *Galen*; while *blustering* and *swearing* seem their particular favourites.

#### TRADE.

THE London Tradesmen try to imitate Nobility, and look like the *A's* in the *Lion's skin*. Neatness and simplicity used to denote them, but embroidered cloaths and elegant equipages are now more familiar to them than their shops. The Country Tradesman minds getting money most, and intermixes several businesses together for that purpose; and a gentle *Rosinante* and humble *Buggy* is the utmost of his wishes. Knavery and Art are attendants of both; and in this they seem to agree very well.

#### YOUTH.

The Men imitate the Women in almost every thing.—Perfumes, paint, dress, and effeminate baubles, engross most of their time; and that learning which was esteemed so valuable by the Ancients, is now looked upon as unworthy attainment. The Women have borrowed their dress and fashions in a great measure from the Men; and the that dresses most *masculine*, and looks most *impudent*, is the most *polite* and *fashionable Lady*.

#### A CHARACTER.

MRS. *Glumdaclitch* is the wife of a well-bred Gentleman of a good estate; but being thrown into a humble situation in the early part of

her life, she still retains a lowness of manners amidst her fortune.

She has the falsest notions of gentility and good-manners, and thinks nothing can be generous which is not profuse. If she dines with a friend, she will have that friend twice to dine with her, because she will not be obliged to any person. If she has as much more silk given her as is necessary for a sack, she will put it all into the garment. If she spoils a new gown, she always consoles herself by saying, there are more to be got where That came from. If she goes upon a party of pleasure to *Vauxhall*, she will throw her guinea on the table, and vow, that she will not be beholden to any Man. If you talk too much, you give her offence; and if you do not talk, you offend her. She likes to talk herself to those who can attend to her tales, which are only of pedigrees, butchers meat, and how to choose good fish. She will encourage a child to eat till it bursts; because she would not have it said, that she stinted the baby. If she goes out in a hackney-coach to a tea-drinking, she puts all her best things on her back, and is sure to find fault with every other person for their dresses, and their manners.

She is very generous at her own table, and always gives you to understand that she buys the best of every thing, and that she also pays ready money for it. She presses her guests violently to eat, and always scolds the footman all dinner-time. If a plate or spoon be wanting, she proves to her guests that there is no real want; and then tells you how many she has. She eats heartily at her own table, but makes it an invariable rule never to eat any thing at another person's house. Not that she would have you think she can't eat; but she thinks no person buys good meat but herself. She is very free in her presents and her indulgences; but whatever she does, you must suffer her to tell you of the obligation. Amidst these oddities, she is a good woman; but, what is more strange! her Husband loves her.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## COURT CHARACTERS.

NUMBER X.

DUKE OF N—TH—RL—ND.

**N**ATURE, so various in her invention, and so wonderful in her operation, has been frequently charged with having been the author of whimsical actions; yet for her whims she has appointed purposes, and in her lightest freaks there is philosophy. There is another Goddess whose disposition is more ludicrous, and whose moods are far more errant: This is FORTUNE; and frequently when men mention the former, they mean the latter.

I will not speak in the teeth of living example and universal experience, by advancing that Dukes have not a right to be dull men; but I will not so readily allow, that dull men have a right to be made Dukes. Formerly the first station in national rank was bestowed upon the possessor of courage, or of wisdom, or of patriotism, or of loyalty, or of some other virtue of distinction; and the abolition of this excellent custom in our time cannot be accounted for, except we trace it from that wonderful spirit of mutation which threatens to overturn every thing. Indeed, we scarcely ought to enquire into these things, when we recollect that there are only two Kings in Europe who ought to be Kings.

The noble Duke who led us into these speculations is not remarkable for his vices, still less for his virtues. He has been much applauded for the value

and extent of his donations for charitable uses; yet those donations which are bestowed this day, and are tomorrow recorded in all the Newspapers of the metropolis, are at least to be suspected. The magnificence, the eclat, and the expence with which his domestic honours are supported, have also been held forth by his dependants as topics of applause: but we cannot allow the claim to be equitable. Public splendour is not often connected with private virtue; and we can by no means allow that soul to be the mansion of magnificence, which in private subjects itself to the tyranny of the most vulgar and illiberal passions.

This man too has made efforts to be conspicuous at Court. In some situations, large estates confer a beneficial consequence upon men: in this view he was admitted to share the State honours; but in a little experience his abilities were found to be so miserably contracted, that he was turned out.

Another stroke will finish this Trifling Character. It is true, that he is governed in every thing by that Wife whom he ought in every thing to govern. When a man has submitted to this most disgraceful of all servitudes, we ought not to look for virtues in him.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## DRESS OF THE MONTH.

As established at ST. JAMES'S and TAVISTOCK-STREET.

THE LADIES

**H**AVE entirely laid aside their chintz and muslins; but no coloured silk has yet made its appearance, which is followed as the *Ton* of the ensuing winter, excepting Night-gowas of a cinnamon brown.—The ruffles still continue long.—Breaft and

sleeve-knots, ear-rings, and curls at the ears, are totally discarded.

The mildness of the weather has been so great, as to render any variation in the dress of the GENTLEMEN unnecessary, and which continues the same as given in our last Number.

*Some Account of Rolling Carts and Waggon, as they are now built by James Sharp, of Leadenhall-street, London, according to two Acts passed the last Session of Parliament for the Amendment and Preservation of the Public Highways and Turnpike Roads: With a PLATE illustrating the same.*

THE rollers are placed under the body of the cart or waggon, and run abreast or parallel with each other: they are true cylinders of cast iron, two feet diameter, and sixteen inches broad, perfectly flat, without nails, or other projection to injure the face of the road. The infides are filled up with strong plank, so as to appear, and have the strength of a solid roller, and yet are hollow in the manner of a cask.

Upon a smooth and hard surface they are drawn as easily as narrow wheels, and it cannot be doubted but the frequent use of them will render the roads both smooth and hard.

The roughness or inequality of roads, occasioned by wheels too narrow, or broad ones not made flat, is the great cause of resistance to the cattle, and not friction, as some have supposed; for it may be demonstrated, that upon the generality of roads these rollers have less friction upon the axis than larger wheels.

JAMES SHARP.

*A Comparison of the Advantages and Disadvantages of high and low Wheels.*

SOME persons having objected to the rolling carts and waggons, on account of the lowness of the wheels, it is necessary to consider how far the objection is just, because a comparison of the advantages and disadvantages of high and low wheels, will demonstrate that the lowness of the rollers is a very great advantage to carriages of this kind.

It is allowed that there are two advantages in high wheels, when apply'd to carriages which are to be drawn, *viz.* their being levers lessening friction upon the centre, while they stand perpendicular; and their having a larger circumference.

But these advantages are much overbalanced by other inconveniencies, and it may be easily proved, that loaded carriages with low wheels will be drawn with greater ease to the cattle, for the following reasons:

Because the great increase of weight \* in

large wheels, when apply'd to heavy carriages, is of itself prodigious, and must always be considered as a part of the load.

Because also high wheels, though levers lessening friction upon the center, when they stand perpendicular, are also levers increasing friction by lateral pressure, whenever the carriage passes upon uneven ground. And lastly,

Because high wheels require greater force to pass them over the usual obstacles of the road; the force of the animal being then apply'd in an horizontal direction, and great part of it lost in pressing against the obstacle.

These circumstances considered, the balance will be found in favour of low wheels.

First, Because they are both lighter and stronger.

Secondly, Because, in general, they have less friction.

Thirdly, Because less force is required to surmount the usual obstacles of the road, the elevated draft being more nearly parallel to the line of ascent.

Fourthly, Because the animal can really apply more strength to the low than high wheel; for the force to the low wheel being apply'd by elevation, the ground serves as an abutment to the feet of the animal, which gives him power to use his strength in the most proper direction; whereas, horizontally, he has no power of draft but what is given by his weight.

If, therefore, high wheels could be used without being heavier, or without being levers increasing friction by lateral pressure, or without incurring an improper application of force; or if they could be used without diminishing the power of the animal, they would then be most advantageous; but, till then, low wheels will be found most beneficial.

Mr. Sharp is prepared to demonstrate the facts above-mentioned, either by experiment or by the carriages themselves, to those who may think it worth their while to enquire about them.

## B O N S M O T S.

MR. Selwyn returning in haste from France, upon hearing that there was a probability of a change in the Ministry, by which he was likely to lose his place, appeared in the Drawing-room the next Court-day in a light velvet silk; upon which, the King took notice of the lightness of his dress: "Yes," replied Mr. Selwyn, it is a cool habitment; but notwithstanding that, I do assure your Majesty that I have been in a violent sweat ever since I arrived in England.

During the late rehearsal of *Macbeth*, Mr.

\* A set of nine-inch broad wheels, made in the usual way for stage waggons, are generally about thirty hundred weight, and some have been made so heavy as forty. A set of Rollers, complete for a rolling Waggon, will weigh about ten hundred, so that about a ton will be saved in the weight of wheels only.

*Macbin* (now in his 75th year) was so prolix and tedious in the rehearsal of his character, as well as in his instructions to the other Performers, that Shuter exclaimed, the case was very hard: "for the time has been, that when the brains were out, the man would die, and there an end." Macklin over-hearing him, good-naturedly replied, "Ay, Ned, and the time was; that when liquor was in the wit was out, but it is not so with thee."—Shuter rejoined, in the words of Shakespeare, "Now, now thou art a man again!"

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## AN ESSAY ON CONSANGUINITY,

AND

## FAMILY AFFECTIONS and DUTY.

I MAY boldly commence these Observations with saying, that *relations are the worst friends*. Let your best abilities be exerted for every good purpose to serve one of kin to you; and though you absolutely ruin yourself to do them real service; perhaps they are the first to quarrel with you, and *piy* you for your zeal and folly. But when all your exertions are brought to a point, like the rays of light through a telescope, the focus is, "Why, he did no more than his duty." The word *Duty* amongst Kindred does, undoes every thing; for what might bring you reputation, and even draw admiration from others, only deserves, with Relations, the cold name of *Duty*. If a Brother is extravagant, and ruins his fortune, he does not scruple borrowing any sums of Sisters and Brothers to repair it; and if he still pursues the crooked line of Folly, brings his borrowed fortune to disgrace, and involves his Family in the ruin, he makes no acknowledgements for his conduct, but insolently tells you, "it was your *Duty* to assist him, and he can't help *misfortunes*." If a Person is unhappily connected with an untoward Race, he may, if he is rich, lavish away his fortune upon them, without receiving those common marks of civility, acknowledgement, or gratitude, so generally bestowed even by indifferent people; and if a Man parts with the greatest portion of his estate, and does not give up the residue to satisfy the cravings of an unconfessionable Relation, he is then loaded with opprobrious taunts and sneers, because he will not ruin himself to serve

an avaricious Kinsman without bowels, or the decent sense of feeling. There is hardly a Family without a picture of this sort; and you will find throughout the Country, a set of ungenerous Brothers, who pretend to despise their families, because they have not totally ruined themselves, to indulge the others' follies and extravagancies.

On the other hand, again, there are Individuals who have great wealth in their possession, and stand allied to worthy and meritorious Relations, on whom they do not bestow the least assistance; but with an unchristian and an ungenerous disposition refuse all relief to Characters, which, if assisted, might do credit to Society.

*Harpax* is the father of a truly respectable Son and Daughter, but he will not part with a shilling to marry the latter, or set up the former; and yet he lives well, and is proud to make a figure.

*Syphax*, again, never did a good thing to any man but his Children; and he has parted with his fortune to his Son, that his child may enjoy it while he lives.

These are two distinct kinds of covetousness: One never did any good in his life; the other, only partially to his family. In short, we may sum up every circumstance respecting the practices of Consanguinity in a few words by saying, "that all the good things a Man does for his family is his *DUTY*; and all he neglects to do is *cruel*." Labour, therefore, as you will for Relations, you are certain to have no warm praises; but neglect their wants, and you are cruel and unkind.

## Some LOOSE THOUGHTS on TASTE in ARCHITECTURE. Not by J. H.

IT is a common observation of all Foreigners who frequent this Island, That our Hospitals are Palaces, and our Palaces Hospitals. This observation is just, and they allow us great credit for the eleemosynary distinction. Nothing can give a Stranger so high an idea of the bounty and charity of a Nation, as seeing the superb mansions in which our Poor, Lame, and Sick, are reposed.

Another observation is noticed in general by all Visitors, That no people build better houses in the Country, and no people situate them so ill. This is an incontestible truth; for in general, if you survey the site of a Gentleman's Country Retreat, you will find the house exposed on the bleakest hill, or sunk in the dampest dell; embowered in trees, or naked to the range of the winds round the Compass. There is a rage for extremes in every thing the English do. Sometimes it is the absurd custom to shut every thing up: then again, it is the mode to lay every thing open: Thus the venerable trees of our forefathers promiscuously fall by the axe into the oven; and then a young man of the *Bon Ton* begins to plant in wrath to hide again what his predecessor exposed.

In the reign of William and Mary, a Dutch taste of Building and Gardening was universally prevalent thro' these kingdoms. It was then that the noble front of Hampton Court was taken down, and replaced with a heavy front of Belgick taste; which every man must discern, who looks upon the part built by *Wolsey*, and the part built by the architects of *William*. *Holland House* near *Kennington* is a classical composition, and shews strongly the hand of a most capital master. It inspires us with an awe, and pleasing reverence; while *Gunnerbury House* and the *King's*

*Palace at Kew* raise no idea of grandeur or respect.

It is much the same in Gardening, where our Tastes are extravagant and monstrous. We have alternately a rage for Lawns, Woods, and Ponds. In one century, we see every thing bounded by Box, and Evergreens cut into fish, beasts, and men; horses galloping in a yew-tree over a lawn; peacocks spreading their tails, and fishes their fins: and when these have gained a ridiculous growth by age, the Mode changes, and they are all tumbled into the wood-house.

His Son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,  
Foe to the Dryads of his Father's groves:  
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,  
With all the mournful family of Teas:  
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,  
Now sweep those Alleys they were born to shade.

*Mr. Brown*, (who is called *Capability Brown*, for his frequent use of that harsh word) has a taste for extravagance, and no person can execute his grotesque ideas, unless he has a pond full of mountains. *Brown* has a taste for expence—a passion of *inversion*. He changes the order of every thing: He makes ponds where hills stood, and places hills where waters flowed: Lawns he opens and spreads out where Woods flourished; and naked plains he plants with lofty woods. This he calls Taste; and when Art and Nature have been mutually striving for a century to rear a place, he says, "Such a place has vast *capability*;" that is, there is a great deal to *invert*: and thus like people in a Country Dance, every thing changes sides—crosses over—figures in—and dances right hand and left.

Consult the Genius of the place in all,  
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;  
Or helps th' ambitious hill the heavens to scale,  
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;      Call



calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,  
joins willing woods, and varies shades from  
shades ;  
Now breaks, or now directs th' intendin  
lines,  
Paints as you plant, and as you work, de-  
signs.

Still follow *Sense*, of ev'ry art the *soul*.

As in Gardening, so it is in Archi-  
tecture. Even there, Mode too often  
ridiculously prevails. I remember the  
last time I was in the City of Lincoln,  
which bears as fine a piece of ecclesi-  
astick pride as any country can boast of,  
I was thrown into a great rage by the  
*taste* of the Bishop or his *Jubalterns*;  
who, to shew it, had been *beau-  
tifying* (as they called it) the Min-  
ster, and had set a number of fellows  
to work with white-wash, plaster, and  
yellow oker; and by these wretched  
daubers, all the solemn antiquity which  
this Cathedral had collected since its  
erection, was effaced and *beautified*.  
Here the Bishop's *taste* was of the stile  
of cleanliness; and as he puts on a  
white shirt, so he white-washed the  
church to look *clean and smart*.

The cathedral of Lincoln is inferior  
only to York. In the latter there is more  
elegance; the architecture is lighter,  
and more airy; you cannot walk un-  
der the lofty roof without being amazed  
how such small and delicate pillars  
could support such a stupendous cov-  
ering: and though Lord *Burlington*  
had so fine an example of *Taste* before  
his eyes, yet in building the *Long  
Room* for dancing, he has supported a  
very light roof with thicker pillars  
than the Minster produces. I ask any  
man, with or without *Taste*, Whether  
the appearance of that dull colonnade  
in the *Long Room* ever inspired him  
with pleasure? and, Whether it did  
not rather disgust him? The pillars,  
which are in general brought to sup-  
port a building, look in this situation  
as if they were placed there for orna-  
ment: and yet that is a bad idea; for  
they load the place with heaviness. It  
might have been the *taste* of the Times  
to admire any thing that Lord *Bur-  
lington* planned; but I do take upon me

to censure this *Taste* of his Lordship's,  
as preposterous, heavy, dull, and unbe-  
coming.

In the neat, clean, and elegant little  
Town of Beverley, in Yorkshire, long  
celebrated for its Grammar School,  
which under various Masters, (par-  
ticularly Mr. *Clarke*) has time im-  
memorial produced many excellent  
Scholars, and Men of Genius — in  
this delightful spot, a Minster was  
built and patronised by the celebrated  
*John De Beverly*, Bishop of York.  
This holy and learned Prelate was held  
in high esteem by *Athelstan*, one of the  
Saxon Kings, who for his sake grant-  
ed many privileges and a sanctuary  
to the place. It was here the Bishop  
retired in his old age, and died in  
721.

This little elegant Minster, (which  
few people hear of, and fewer visit)  
although unnoticed by the general eye  
of the World, is one of the most com-  
pact, elegant buildings that ever did  
honour to Architecture. It is built in  
such an excellent *Taste*, that you ad-  
mire it with a lively pleasure. It does  
not hurt the eye, or wound the senses;  
but seems to rise into the air with a  
peculiar lightness, and does not, like  
St. Paul's, load and depress the eye.  
You stare at the latter with a dull,  
yawning amazement; but you look  
with pleasure upon the Minster of  
Beverley. This shews, that it is not a  
pile of stones which forms elegant  
buildings; for people totally ignorant  
of the laws and rules of Architecture,  
when looking on London from any  
eminence in its vicinity, will turn  
from St. Paul's with heaviness, and  
dwell upon the classic elegance of the  
Abbey of Westminster. By the same  
rule I may say with truth, that no per-  
son ever viewed *Blenheim*, who did not  
bestow a heavy censure on the hea-  
vier *Sir John Vanburgh*; nor can any  
person behold Chelsea or Greenwich  
without praising the great munificence  
of their founders.

These honours, peace to happy Britain brings;  
These are imperial works, and worthy Kings.

## On the PLEASURE derived from OBJECTS of TERROR;

WITH

## SIR BERTRAND: A FRAGMENT.

[From Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose, by J. and A. L. Aikin.]

**T**HAT the exercise of our benevolent feelings, as called forth by the view of human afflictions, should be a source of pleasure, cannot appear wonderful to one who considers that relation between the moral and natural system of man, which has connected a degree of satisfaction with every action or emotion productive of the general welfare. The painful sensation immediately arising from a scene of misery, is so much softened and alleviated by the reflex sense of self-approbation attending virtuous sympathy, that we find, on the whole, a very exquisite and refined pleasure remaining, which makes us desirous of again being witnesses to such scenes, instead of flying from them with disgust and horror. It is obvious how greatly such a provision must conduce to the ends of mutual support and assistance. But the apparent delight with which we dwell upon objects of pure terror, where our moral feelings are not in the least concerned, and no passion seems to be excited but the depressing one of fear, is a paradox of the heart, much more difficult of solution.

The reality of this source of pleasure seems evident from daily observation. The greediness with which the tales of ghosts and goblins, of murders, earthquakes, fires, shipwrecks, and all the most terrible disasters attending human life, are devoured by every ear, must have been generally remarked. Tragedy, the most favourite work of fiction, has taken a full share of these scenes; "it has sapt full with horrors"—and has, perhaps, been more indebted to them for public admiration than to its tender and

pathetic parts. The ghost of Hamlet, Macbeth descending into the witches' cave, and the tent scene in Richard, command as forcibly the attention of our souls as the parting of Jaffier and Belvidera, the fall of Wolfey, or the death of Shore. The inspiration of *terror* was by the ancient critics assigned as the peculiar province of Tragedy; and the Greek and Roman tragedians have introduced some extraordinary personages for this purpose; not only the shades of the dead, but the Furies, and other fabulous inhabitants of the infernal regions. Collins, in his most poetical Ode to Fear, has finely enforced this idea:

Tho' gentle Pity claim her mingled part,  
Yet all the thunders of the scene are thine.

The old Gothic Romance and the Eastern Tale, with their genii, giants, enchantments, and transformations; however a refined critic may censure them as absurd and extravagant, will ever retain a most powerful influence on the mind, and interest the Reader independently of all peculiarity of taste. Thus the great Milton, who had a strong bias to these wildnesses of the imagination, has with striking effect made the stories "of forests and enchantments drear," a favourite subject with his *Penferoso*; and had undoubtedly their awakening images strong upon his mind when he breaks out,

Call up him that left half-told  
The story of Cambuscan bold, &c.

How are we then to account for the pleasure derived from such objects? I have often been led to imagine that there is a deception in these cases; and that the avidity with which we attend is not a proof of our receiving  
real

real pleasure. The pain of suspense, and the irresistible desire of satisfying curiosity, when once raised, will account for our eagerness to go quite through an adventure, though we suffer actual pain during the whole course of it. We rather chuse to suffer the smart pang of a violent emotion, than the uneasy craving of an unsatisfied desire. That this principle, in many instances, may involuntarily carry us through what we dislike, I am convinced from experience. This is the impulse which renders the poorest and most insipid narrative interesting when once we get fairly into it; and I have frequently felt it with regard to our modern Novels, which, if lying on my table, and taken up in an idle hour, have led me through the most tedious and disgusting pages, while, like Pistol eating his leek, I have swallowed and execrated to the end. And it will not only force us through dullness, but through actual torture—through the relation of a Damien's execution, or an Inquisitor's Act of Faith. When children, therefore, listen with pale and mute attention to the frightful stories of apparitions, we are not, perhaps, to imagine that they are in a state of enjoyment, any more than the poor bird which is dropping into the mouth of the rattle-snake—they are chained by the ears, and fascinated by curiosity. This solution, however, does not satisfy me with respect to the well-wrought scenes of artificial terror which are formed by a sublime and vigorous imagination. Here, though we know before-hand what to expect, we enter into them with eagerness, in quest of a pleasure already experienced. This is the pleasure constantly attached to the excitement of surprize from new and wonderful objects. A strange and unexpected event awakens the mind, and keeps it on the stretch; and where the agency of invisible Beings is introduced, of "forms unseen, and mightier far than we," our imagination, darting forth, explores with rapture the new world which is laid open

to its view, and rejoices in the expansion of its powers. Passion and Fancy co-operating elevate the soul to its highest pitch, and the pain of terror is lost in amazement.

Hence, the more wild, fanciful, and extraordinary are the circumstances of a scene of horror, the more pleasure we receive from it; and where they are too near common nature, though violently borne by curiosity through the adventure, we cannot repeat it or reflect on it, without an over-balance of pain. In the *Arabian Nights* are many most striking examples of the Terrible joined with the Marvellous: the story of Alladdin and the travels of Sinbad are particularly excellent. The *Castle of Otranto* is a very spirited modern attempt upon the same plan of mixed terror, adapted to the model of Gothic romance. The best conceived, and most strongly worked-up scene of mere natural horror that I recollect, is in Smollett's *Ferdinand Count Fathom*; where the Hero, entertained in a lone house in a forest, finds a corpse just slaughtered in the room where he is sent to sleep, and the door of which is locked upon him. It may be amusing for the Reader to compare his feelings upon these, and from thence form his opinion of the justness of my theory. The following Fragment, in which both these manners are attempted to be in some degree united, is offered to entertain a solitary winter's evening.

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— After this adventure, Sir Bertrand turned his steed towards the wolds, hoping to cross these dreary moors before the curfew. But ere he had proceeded half his journey, he was bewildered by the different tracks, and not being able, as far as the eye could reach, to espy any object but the brown heath surrounding him, he

was

was at length quite uncertain which way he should direct his course. Night overtook him in this situation. It was one of those nights when the moon gives a faint glimmering of light through the thick black clouds of a lowering sky. Now and then she suddenly emerged in full splendor from her veil; and then instantly retired behind it, having just served to give the forlorn Sir Bertrand a wide extended prospect over the desolate waste. Hope and native courage a while urged him to push forwards, but at length the increasing darkness and fatigue of body and mind overcame him; he dreaded moving from the ground he stood on, for fear of unknown pits and bogs, and alighting from his horse in despair, he threw himself on the ground. He had not long continued in that posture when the sudden toll of a distant bell struck his ears—he started up, and turning towards the sound discerned a dim twinkling light. Instantly he seized his horse's bridle, and with cautious steps advanced towards it. After a painful march he was stopt by a moated ditch surrounding the place from whence the light proceeded: and by a momentary glimpse of moon-light he had a full view of a large antique mansion, with turrets at the corners, and an ample porch in the centre. The injuries of Time were strongly marked on every thing about it. The roof in various places was fallen in, the battlements were half demolished, and the windows broken and dismantled. A draw-bridge, with a ruinous gate-way at each end, led to the court before the building—He entered, and instantly the light, which proceeded from a window in one of the turrets, glided along and vanished; at the same moment the moon sunk beneath a black cloud, and the night was darker than ever. All was silent—Sir Bertrand fastened his steed under a shed, and approaching the house traversed its whole front with light and slow footsteps—All was still as death—He looked in at the lower

windows, but could not distinguish a single object through the impenetrable gloom. After a short parley with himself, he entered the porch, and seizing a massy iron knocker at the gate, lifted it up, and hesitating, at length struck a loud stroke. The noise resounded through the whole mansion with hollow echoes. All was still again—He repeated the strokes more boldly and louder—another interval of silence ensued—A third time he knocked, and a third time all was still. He then fell back to some distance, that he might discern whether any light could be seen in the whole front—It again appeared in the same place, and quickly glided away as before—at the same instant a deep sullen toll sounded from the turret. Sir Bertrand's heart made a fearful stop—He was a while motionless; then terror impelled him to make some hasty steps towards his steed—but shame stopt his flight; and urged by honour, and a resistless desire of finishing the adventure, he returned to the porch; and working up his soul to a full steadiness of resolution, he drew forth his sword with one hand, and with the other lifted up the latch of the gate. The heavy door, creaking upon its hinges, reluctantly yielded to his hand—he applied his shoulder to it and forced it open—he quitted it and stepped forward—the door instantly shut with a thundering clap. Sir Bertrand's blood was chilled—he turned back to find the door, and it was long ere his trembling hands could seize it—but his utmost strength could not open it again. After several ineffectual attempts, he looked behind him, and beheld, across a hall, upon a large stair-case, a pale bluish flame which cast a dismal gleam of light around. He again summoned forth his courage, and advanced towards it—It retired. He came to the foot of the stairs, and after a moment's deliberation ascended. He went slowly up, the flame retiring before him, till he came to a wide gallery—The flame proceeded along it, and he followed in silent horror,

horror, treading lightly, for the echoes of his footsteps startled him. It led him to the foot of another stair-case, and then vanished—At the same instant another toll sounded from the turret—Sir Bertrand felt it strike upon his heart. He was now in total darkness, and with his arms extended, began to ascend the second stair-case. A dead cold hand met his left hand and firmly grasped it, drawing him forcibly forwards—he endeavoured to disengage himself, but could not—he made a furious blow with his sword, and instantly a loud shriek pierced his ears, and the dead hand was left powerless in his—He dropt it, and rushed forwards with a desperate valour. The stairs were narrow and winding, and interrupted by frequent breaches, and loose fragments of stone. The stair-case grew narrower and narrower, and at length terminated in a low iron grate. Sir Bertrand pushed it open—it led to an intricate winding passage, just large enough to admit a person upon his hands and knees. A faint glimmering of light served to show the nature of the place. Sir Bertrand entered—A deep hollow groan resounded from a distance through the vault—He went forwards, and proceeding beyond the first turning, he discerned the same blue flame which had before conducted him. He followed it. The vault, at length, suddenly opened into a lofty gallery, in the midst of which a figure appeared, completely armed, thrusting forwards the bloody stump of an arm, with a terrible frown and menacing gesture, and brandishing a sword in his hand. Sir Bertrand undauntedly sprung forwards; and aiming a fierce blow at the figure, it instantly vanished, letting fall a massy iron key. The flame now rested upon a pair of ample folding doors at the end of the gallery. Sir Bertrand went up to it, and applied the key to a brazen lock—with difficulty he turned the bolt—instantly the doors flew open, and discovered a large apartment, at the end of which was a coffin rested upon a bier, with

a taper burning on each side of it. Along the room on both sides were gigantic statues of black marble, attired in the Moorish habits, and holding enormous sabres in their right hands. Each of them reared his arm, and advanced one leg forwards, as the Knight entered; at the same moment the lid of the coffin flew open, and the bell tolled. The flame still glided forwards, and Sir Bertrand resolutely followed, till he arrived within six paces of the coffin. Suddenly, a Lady in a shroud and black veil rose up in it, and stretched out her arms towards him—at the same time the statues clashed their sabres and advanced. Sir Bertrand flew to the Lady and clasped her in his arms—she threw up her veil and kissed his lips; and instantly the whole building shook as with an earthquake, and fell asunder with a horrible crash. Sir Bertrand was thrown into a sudden trance, and on recovering, found himself seated on a velvet sofa, in the most magnificent room he had ever seen, lighted with innumerable tapers, in lustres of pure crystal. A sumptuous banquet was set in the middle. The doors opening to soft music, a Lady of incomparable beauty, attired with amazing splendor, entered, surrounded by a troop of gay Nymphs more fair than the Graces—She advanced to the Knight, and falling on her knees thanked him as her deliverer. The Nymphs placed a garland of laurel upon his head, and the Lady led him by the hand to the banquet, and sat beside him. The Nymphs placed themselves at the table, and a numerous train of servants entering, served up the feast; delicious music playing all the time. Sir Bertrand could not speak for astonishment—he could only return their honours by courteous looks and gestures. After the banquet was finished, all retired but the Lady, who leading back the Knight to the sofa, addressed him in these words : —

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MOMUS ;

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

MOMUS: or, The LAUGHING PHILOSOPHER.  
NUMBER XI.

Captain! thou abominable, damn'd cheater! Art thou not ashamed to be called Captain? If Captains were of my mind, they would truncheon you but, for taking their names upon you; before you have earned them? You a Captain! you slave, for tearing a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house! A Captain! These villains will make the word Captain odious; therefore Captains had need look to it.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT an excellent idea had the incomparable *Shakespeare* of the characters of mankind, when he could put such proper phrases into the mouth of his excellent *Doll Tear-sheet*, who is upbraiding the pusillanimous *Piffoi* for presuming to bear the honourable name of *Captain*! The name and character of a *Captain* might be as much abused in his time, as it is at present; though there was formerly an honourable virtue about the natives of our Island which prevented the unmanly and most effeminate manners so prevalent at this period. The debaucheries of the Age so overwhelm our Young Men in expences, that after their fortunes are expended, they have recourse to the most grovelling means and methods for existence. We hardly see a poor Peer, or a debilitated Knight, without his *Toad-eater* and *Led-Captain*; a Thing devoted to smile when he smiles, laugh loud when he does, and entertain his guests by submitting himself to be the butt and jest of his keeper. A *Led-Captain* in this situation becomes the spaniel of the house, and fetches and carries at the nod and beck of his master. He takes the bottle and gets drunk with his Master's guests, when he is unable to drink more: He also stays at home with his Mistress when her husband goes abroad; and if perchance some virtuous Ladies should intrude occasionally, the *Led-Captain* is ordered to attend Miss to be out of the way.

It is not to be defined, or explained, what groupes there are of these *Led-Captains* in Town and Country, most of whom are different in their situa-

tions. Some are attendants upon superannuated Widows; and tho' without any visible appearance of fortune, yet with the Old Ladies purses they make shift to belong to all the fashionable Clubs, appear at all the Watering-places, subscribe to the Opera, Cornellys', Almack's, &c. and are in dress, and stile of character, the top and pinnacle of the *Ton*. And yet these flashy Gentlemen, perhaps, are only Half-pay Subalterns in the Army, notwithstanding they make so dazzling an éclat. Such Herculean Drudges may be said to draw their subsistence from their bodies, like spiders; and with propriety may be called *Drudging Captains*.

There is another kind of kept-Captains about London; a flashy, raw-boned, finewy set of fellows, who exist by living upon poor unfortunate Courtezans. These wretches not being wanting in those accomplishments which allure unthinking women, wriggle themselves so thoroughly into the good graces of the poor dupes, that like caterpillars, they never quit the vegetable until they have devoured it. In like manner these Rascals pillage the unfortunate girls, and then leave them to debt, jail, misery, ruin, disease and death.

I have another species of the Cockade to describe, which is as dangerous as any. This is the *Hanger-on Captain*; a kind of creature who has travelled, learned French and Italian, kicked half-a dozen Counts, killed his brace of Men, ravished a lease of Nuns, seduced a covey of Wives, pulled the noses of their Husbands for men-

mentioning their own disgraces, and cheated every person at Cards that ever honoured him with an opportunity of playing. This motley creature is in general an Irishman, who distinguishes himself by some peculiar sleeve to his coat, or other bagatelle. He has no other resource but the bounty of his acquaintances, with whom he lives alternately, as their pockets can best afford; and when the finances of one fail, he goes to another. In return for their different bounties, he pandars for his Keepers, and upon all quarrels is a Second. He is treated by his Feeders with respect, and a deference upon all occasions is paid to his opinion; for he commands more or less attention, according to the number of duels he has fought; and if he has killed his Man, or his Men, his character is reckoned established as a most polite, valiant, sensible, lively, *honourable Scoundrel*.

Besides this Character, we have another of a very different nature, which is the *Chip-in-porridge Captain*.—This is an animal of a most inoffensive nature, who will say Yes or No, or both together, with any person who chuses to use those particles. He is a creature that sticks like a burr; for *It* is so inoffensive, and so yielding, and so complying, that *It* would disarm a very brute of its ferocity. This Thing obtains the pity and the censure of every body. *It* is respected by Fools, and *It* is played upon by Wits. Like a walnut-tree, *It* improves in its fruit by beating; for by being continually edgelled by its protectors, *It* gleans some straws of repartee and bon-mot, and *It* retails them out to its listeners; for be assured of the fact, throughout this motley city, that even Shadows have their Shadows too.

By this group of apostates the Army and Navy are discredited; and under each of these names you have not less than some thousands of individuals in this Country, who are a discredit to their Professions, and a blot on the fair leaf of Society.

It may appear particular to the  
O<sup>r</sup>. 1773.

World, why I have pitched upon Men of Arms for these characters; but be it known, that Men in Business rather chuse to pursue their occupations, and gain honest and comfortable liveliehoods, than be beholden to any luxurious, purse-proud 'Squire or Peer for such favours; and therefore it is unfortunately the lot of Men of the Sword, who are indolent and poor; to be Pimps and Parasites to dirty Lordlings. Would the Body of Officers in general take up the conducts of these male prostitutes, they might be banished both Army and Navy, and the reputation of the word *Captain* might be rescued from contempt and obloquy. But it is now so thoroughly despised, from the mean and ignominious behaviour of many who have improperly assumed the title, that even, in derision of the word, Carmen, Butchers, and Hackney-coachmen give the name in general to their Horses and Dogs; which makes me agree with *Doll Tear-sheet*, who humourously says, "*These villains will make the word Captain odious.*"

In all services and occupations there are deserving Members; but *Captain* is a good travelling name; and every Snipper-snapper who can get half a yard of ribbon tied upon a girl's fingers, calls it a Gockade, himself *Captain*, and, with a toasting-iron at his side, struts forth like a crow in a gutter.

Those who assume the title before they have gained the rank by meritorious services, are fond, ridiculous fops; and those who give them the appellation are inconsiderate, vain fools.

I now beg of all my readers to attend to my catalogue, and compare the Captains of their acquaintance with it; by which means we may hope to cure some, and deter others from exposing themselves to the contempt of Sense, Honour, and Virtue.

The different Degrees of Led-Captains now beating up for Quarters in Town and Country:

The LED-CAPTAIN,  
The DRUDGING CAPTAIN,  
\* 4 H \* The

THE KEPT CAPTAIN,  
THE HANGER-ON CAPTAIN,  
THE CHIP-IN-PORRIDGE  
CAPTAIN,

AND THE UNLED  
HONOURABLE CAPTAIN.

The *Honourable Captain* is one of the first Characters in life, as a Member of Society, and a Servant of his Country. He is (or ought to be) a man of education and manners: cautious to

offend, and afraid of being offended, he never gives an affront, nor ever puts up with one given to him; he is valiant and cool; warm to his friends, and violent against his foes in his Country's cause. In action cool and vigorous; if conquered, manly and resigned; and when the conqueror, generous, humble, and humane. An *Honourable Captain* is a most glorious character, and many such the King boasts of in his pay. N.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

I N D U S I A T A :

O R, T H E

ADVENTURES of a SILK PETTICOAT.

[Continued from our last Number, Page 551.]

THE misfortunes which repeatedly fell to me in the services of my last Mistress, qualified me no longer for an attendant upon such Quality. I was instantly cashier'd, and became the property of my Lady's Maid; who only wore me to church on the Sabbath, or when she attended the Butler to the Two-shilling Gallery at the Theatres. This reverse of fortune was a galling stroke to my pride; but as all human things are subject to decay, I bore my mistress with as much philosophy as my neighbours.

*Mrs. Abigail*, my Lady's Maid, was the compleatest *She-Mercury* in the profession. She had served a double apprenticeship to the Trade, and was mistress of every point of it. She was rather antiquated, and had been handsome; but painting, intriguing, and strong waters, had much withered and wrinkled her charms. She was the arrantest *Mrs. Slip-slop* that ever daudled with a tea-spoon, or took Scotch-snuff: she had very inventive faculties, and was never at a loss for a lie; which she could call up on any sudden occasion, without the least confusion or change of colour. She could flatter

any thing, or any body, and with the same words; for she had a ready hackneyed set, which served her upon every occasion. She had proverbs at her fingers' ends, and a ready explanation of every dream. No woman could expound dreams better, or tell a Lady's fortune with more accuracy and precision in the dregs of tea. If your eyebrow itched, your cheek glowed, or your nose tickled you, she had an immediate conclusion for the circumstance. Added to these useful domestic qualifications, she had the happiest knack of concealing all her Lady's private affairs from the Husband, and deceiving him, though cunning as the devil. She was so artful and plausible in her manner, that she could pimp for her Master with the Maids of his House, and pandar for her Mistress with the Footmen: Nay, so very clever was the Harridan in this business, that she never gave the smallest cause for either to suspect her *honour* or her *virtue*. She would bring her Mistress a Letter in a Milliner's box, in her Master's presence, with the most composed impudence, and conduct a Girl out of her Master's dressing-room, in her



her Lady's face, with an excuse of such plausibility, that neither could suspect her cheat.

Once on a certain time, a gay Baronet was indulging himself on a sofa with my Lady, and she was left the Argus of the amour. My Lord suddenly came in, and went to open the door of the very room they were in; which finding bolted, he recoiled, and paused, as if much alarmed and surpris'd. In this astonishment she walked up to him with all the composure imaginable, and told him, he could not go into that room, because it was just washed. His Lordship suddenly recovered, swallowed the bait, and calmly retired to his Library, while she let the Paramour escape, and released her trembling Lady.

I could relate a thousand such panomime tricks of *Mrs. Abigail*, who was in every sense of the character a female *Ulysses*, and as artful and cunning as the full as that old Grecian fox, who robb'd every *Trojan Hen-roost* in spite of the vigilance of all *Priam's Sons*. This Lady of easy virtue soon grew weary of me, after a short service, and consign'd me to the Wardrobe of Covent-garden Play-house, where I was sometimes allowed to honour the hips of Queens, Princesses and Duchesses; and from their companies I fell gradually to *Doll Tear-sheet*, *Mrs. Slammekin*, and *Fan the Gipsy*. But one unfortunate evening, when *Miss Poitier* was playing that character, a certain amorous Playwright had a violent and sudden fit of love about him; and in seizing the decayed charms of the walnut Wanton, he tore a large hole from the pocket downwards. This disqualified me entirely for Dramatic Dressing, and the Keeper of the Wardrobe immediately ordered me to Monmouth-street; where I had not been long, before *Mr. Barber* sold me to a most curious Old Maid, who kept me with care, and longer in her service than from the time of my first formation.

This Maiden Lady's name was *Mrs. Tabitha Striff*. She was a native of Philadelphia, but not a Quakeress;

though she had enough of the primitive Protestant about her, to have pass'd for a starch'd Sister of the Formal Community. She was a Lady of the most chaste expression imaginable, nor would she utter a word that leas'd to, or intimated any thing like, *farodry*. I was once amongst a large Tea-drinking Party, where she presid'd as the Elementary Arbitress; and when it was necessary to fill the tea-pot, she always bid the servant turn the *Biddy*. Whenever she dined at a friend's house, where Cod was serv'd for dinner, she always ask'd for a little of the *Thing* fish. If ever a Gentleman mention'd the word *Breaches* in her company, she left the room; and by a constant perseverance, she brought all her male acquaintance to call them *small clothes*. She never would suffer a person to read the filthy particulars of the news-papers; and if *Rape* or *Ravishment* were utter'd, she would declare with the most solemn face, that Men were monsters to exert their strengths against the delicate constitutions of the Female Sex. This stiff Old Maid had invariably gone to church twice a-day for thirty years, and by her own account had never suffer'd the finger of a man to be laid upon her. She was as peculiar and as formal in her diet and her dress as in every other thing, and one pair of gloves had been her manual attendants upwards of twenty years. From such an œconomist I did not expect to be soon relieved, as a close drawer amidst lavender was my stupid situation the best of my time. The character which such regularity, dullness, and prayer had obtain'd her, made many of her neighbours seek her advice. She was consult'd upon the imprudence of every Girl, and the indiscretion of every Dame: the price of provisions, the œconomy of a house, the scandal of the Town, and the dresses of her friends, were the universal topics; and upon each she was voluble and clear. But all unchaste ideas and actions she execrated with vehemence. She would be outrageous at a Lady's having a child at

eight months; being convinced, she said, some unhallowed connection before the tying of the nuptial-knot had been countenanced. A Servant Girl having a natural child would throw her into fits; nay, she was so little the friend of Society and Nature, that amidst her Puritanic principles of religion, she would applaud the destroying of an innocent Babe, rather than its life should reflect dishonour on its Mother. This most barbarous and inhuman disposition awakened every resentment in me; nor could I have believed, unless this truth had come to my ears, that Nature could have produced such a monster. I was at a loss to assign a reason for this violent and unnatural disposition; it always appeared to me to be the emanation of Spleen and Rage, rather than the digested prejudice of Reason and Woman. One day I found her in tears upon her knees, with a letter in her hand, which she read over with uncommon emotion and gesticulation; with contrition, devotion, and penitence. This tragic scene rivetted my attention, as well as her often repeating these particular words in the letter: "And can you, sweet Woman, with such outrageous phrensy, blame me for the murder of the innocent fruit of our unhallowed loves, when you perpetrated the crime before you revealed the honour to me! That I was the cause of its illegitimate birth, with conscious blushes I confess; but though I shudder for your fame, yet I never recommended the barbarous method which you have taken to conceal it." These words struck me dumb and senseless; to find this rigid piece of external chastity had murdered her bastard-child. I immediately seized every opportunity to discover the origin of this story, which I found as follows: Mrs. Tabitha Stiff was a Farmer's daughter of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and possessed of a handsome fortune. In her 13<sup>th</sup> year, a

maiden aunt brought her to London, where she was educated with all the chastity of Diana's ice-house; but Love, the disturber of every breast, excited her affections for a young Soldier who visited her relation. This murdered infant was the consequence of that most fatal amour; and when the perfidious Youth had obtained the joys in her possession, he left her to hazard her fame, and conduct her pregnancy. This neglect roused her to mischief and madness; and like a second Medea, she slew her Babe; a deed which these elegant and enchanting words of Ovid perfectly depict:

*Video meliora, proboque, deteriora sequor;*

and which the celebrated *Quinault* has rendered inimitably well:

*Le destin de Medee est d'être criminelle;  
Mais son cœur étoit fait pour aimer la vertu.*

Her Aunt dying about this period gave her an opportunity of concealing her lying-in; which when over, and she had slain her Babe, she wrote to the Father; and the lines which I have given the reader above, were part of his answer. He now courted her to marriage (because of her fortune); but she had too much sense to risque a second proof of his neglect and perfidy. To hide from the World any suspicions of such an action, she adopted the character of the Prude, and continues to labour by piety and repentance to obtain forgiveness in the eye of God. How doubly culpable is her conduct! By error she attempts an atonement for error, and instead of diminishing she doubles her guilt.

*L'Erreur est la cause de la misere  
des hommes; c'est le mauvais principe,  
qui a produit le mal dans le monde:  
c'est elle qui fait maîtres, & qui entre-  
tient dans notre ame tous les maux qui  
nous affigent, & nous ne devons point  
espérer de bonheur solide & véritable,  
qu'en travaillant sérieusement à l'éviter.*

[To be continued.]

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## CRITICAL ADVICE TO DRAMATIC POETS.

*Bestrew thee! Tummas, for thy Song!  
It pleaseth me but ill.*

OLD BALLAD.

IF we believe people who make a practice of noting the British Stage in all its merits or its follies, its present situation is very piteous. The Tragic Muse is melted down into a lank and dirty slut, with a woollen petticoat, an oyster-knife, and other modern apparatus; and the Comic Muse differs little from her, except that when her sister cries *Ding-dong*, she changes the note, and cries *Dong-ding*. I conceive myself present in the Theatre of London, hearing this ravishing change of *Death-notes*, and methinks I hear the enchanted Populace cry out at the conclusion of each rant, *Ab, piano! più piano! affettuosissimo!*: A yawn follows, and winds up the chorus.

All, except those who are incapable of judging, confess the decay of Theatrical Composition; and many have sought to investigate the causes of this defection, without success. Without wandering into unnecessary modes of complaint or argument, the question is easily deducible to precise and definite points. There is a fault somewhere. This fault *must* be placed to the account of either the Audience or the Writers. Now, to which of them does it belong?

I answer boldly,—To the Writers.

That the encouragement given by the Audience to almost all Dramatic Writers, indiscriminately, is productive of evil effects on Genius, is undeniable; because it holds forth rewards to the Dunce as readily as to the Man of Genius: But if there are Men of superior talents, why do they not appear in that character, and eclipse the lesser luminaries of the Theatrical System? This question can probably be resolved by ourselves: Either they are too idle, or too ignorant; for the

finest Genius requires to be polished: If the former, they are incorrigible; if the latter, I offer them my advice.

I have no excuse to offer for the Man of Genius who neglects to cultivate it. It is not sufficient that he be satisfied with the fame of an inglorious rivalship with his cotemporary Dunces, without giving himself any further trouble about the matter: He must be taught, that *art* is as necessary in the construction of the Dramatic Pile, as *Genius* itself.

I am aware, however, that I have not many Men of Genius to quarrel with in this Age. They are truly the *nigri cygni*; but the paucity of the number serves only to enhance them in my affection. But why is it, I ask them, that they write Plays as if they never read any? Disdaining, as it were, to truckle to the vile observation of Plot, Disposition and Character, they stretch the Pegasean pinion wide in those unbounded regions, where Shakespear himself could not soar without falling. I have seen a Play, written by a certain living Genius, which is at the beginning a very good Tragi-comedy, at the middle melts away into an Opera, and at the conclusion betrays all the symptoms of a very melancholy Tragedy. An attention to the precepts and *commentations* of the Critics (pedantic as some modern Wits may affect to call this study) would effectually remove complaints of this kind; and I venture to assert, that without the assistance of these Critics, a good Play was never yet written.

I speak not to the gray Dramatic Sinner; for I do imagine that, say I what I please, he will go to Tartarus in his own manner: But it is the youthful Bard I wish to listen. Under the word Genius I class all that

part

part of the Play which may be termed the *written part*; descriptions of Passions, Sentiments, and Versification. These proceed more immediately from the Man himself, from the clearness of his head, the warmth of his heart, and the harmony of his ear. It is Nature that supplies him with these. By Art, I understand the disposition of Parts in respect to plotting; that natural experience which results from studying the ancient and modern Critics, and a proper allowance for diversity of tastes, times, and nations. All this is the labour of years, and will cost the judgment many a pang before it is settled.

The fountain of all Dramatic Criticism is Aristotle's Poetiques. It is a system so full, that the legion of his commentators have not been able to improve upon it; and for this reason I would have the Bard drink his first draughts at the Aristotelian Fountain. After he has *drank his fill*, Ricoboni and Dacier will help him to digest it, and to make the proper use of it.

In my perusal of the Modern Critics, my judgment has taught me to prefer the Italians to the French. The

former appear to me to have constantly held in their eye the ancient model; the latter, more capricious and more frivolous, have fabricated systems for themselves, and upon these continue to rear new follies. The passions of Love, in which their great Corneille is as frequently overwhelmed as our Shakespear is in irregularity, has infused a languor into the works of their boldest Dramatic Geniuses, and a louder vociferation is the only distinction between their Heroes and their Mistresses. It is from models like these their Critics painted; and though they have been the authors of many admirable precepts, their works are always to be read with caution against the objections we have stated.

On condition that the reader takes in good part the advice I have given above, concerning the foreign Critics, he has my leave to study the English ones as he pleases. Most of them are found, some admirable: But whatever confidence he suffers himself to place in the Critics, in one thing let him be advised: It is this, *Not to take for a Model any Play that has been written in this Reign.* X.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## The DANGER of a KISS: OR,

An ESSAY on JEALOUSY.

With Some OBSERVATIONS on the PRESENT CONDUCT of the MARRIAGE of BOTH SEXES.

[Concluded from our last Number, Page 539.]

**T**HERE is another kind of *Jealousy*, which, of all others, is the most tormenting; and this arises from a fondness to the Fair One, of the most endearing nature—

It is a torture of the breast,  
Surely design'd to plague the rest

It is a jealousy of such a nature, that though a man does not absolutely believe his Wife unchaste, yet the appearance of giving any preference to another man, harrows and inflames his very soul to agitated madness. He watches, he listens, he fancies, he

creates a thousand torments for himself, and works up his mind to such a pitch of jealousy, that he even dreams awake that he sees his dearest darling Mistress rioting and feeding upon the charms of another Man, while he is left neglected, and treated with every frozen look. Mole-hills to him are mountains, and straws are weavers beams.

This Jealousy is a most tormenting one; and wherever it is possessed, it equally becomes the Man or Woman to heal the wound by an immediate attention, and not in pet to increase it

with the harsh reply of, "It is a pity you had really something to be jealous of." Men and Women are equally reprehensible, who study to give reciprocal torment to each other: But the fashion of Flirting is now become so common, that while the Man is gallanting with some favourite Female, you will see his Lady expiring in the same room with every agitation; and while another Lady is dealing her smiles to her selected Paramour, you will see the Husband walking up-and-down the room with folded arms, his eyes fixed on the ground, torn with every discomfoting pang of vexation. I now repeat, that whenever Man or Wife study publickly to give each other these pains, no punishment is sharp enough for such an unnatural and abandoned mind. I am sorry these events are so common; but reflection and good sense may remove them: Otherwise, in the end, they produce their own most fatal punishments. For if one misery is to be shunned more than another, it is the hell of Jealousy; and it behoves every person to avoid giving the smallest cause for the slightest existence of so tormenting a fiend.

O plague me, Heaven! plague me with all the woes

That man can suffer: root up my possessions,  
Let midnight wolves howl in my desert chambers!

May the earth yaw! shatter the frame of Nature!

Let the wreck'd orbs in whirl-winds round me move,

But save me from the rage of Jealous Love!

There is a dissipation so prevalent and luxuriant in the present Times, that we now see those very Couples miserable, who united with a most ardent passion. I fear in these cases, when the ardor is so powerful, that, like flames driven by violent winds, they soon burn out. But with the Ladies in general, it is owing to a trippery education, composed of light French, and other light *accomplishments*, that a Husband, which ought to be the most dignified and engaging character, becomes a dull domestic

drone in the Ladies' eyes, as if he fogged the very atmosphere wherein he breathed.

Married Men too often have a favourite Friend about their houses, as a Companion, a Toad-eater, or a Led-Captain. This man is generally the umpire in disputes; and if the Lady is blooming, he leans to her complaint. The consequence is an Intrigue; and thus the Husband is dishonoured by the Man with whom he rests his secrets, and to whom he confides his griefs. We had a melancholy instance of this kind at Portsmouth, where a most worthy and ingenious Gentleman met with such evil treatment from his Wife and his Friend, that he died raving mad with the double sting of unparalleled ingratitude.

*Capt. Sutherland's* conduct towards *Lady Mary Scot* is a blot in the page of Friendship, which no time can erase; and it proves the danger of a handsome Wife being committed to the care of another Man. It is as dangerous an experiment as a Husband's remittance of kisses to his Lady by his Friend; when, before he had delivered the *three* kisses sent her, the Couple were mutually and imperceptibly glued to each others lips:

—They kiss'd with such a fervour,  
And gave such furious earnest of their flame,  
That their eyes sparkled, and their mantling blood  
Flew flushing o'er their faces. —

There is nothing so dangerous to a Young Woman as suffering a Man she does not dislike to approach her lips; which too often, when most silent, betray the feelings and the dictates of the inmost soul. This caution is not peculiarly confined to the Maiden, but equally extends to the Wife. And so sensible were the wisest and greatest Romans of the danger of this indelicacy, that *Manilius* was struck from the list of Senators, for daring to salute his Wife in the presence of his Daughters.

It is not that there is any immediate criminality in a mere Kiss; but it

is a freedom which, when allowed, leads to greater familiarities. It is an introduction to something more capital; it is the first page of the preface to *Seduction and Adultery*. If a Married Woman would reflect upon the dignity and honour of her condition, she would be as cautious of yielding a kiss to a Stranger (for all Men should be Strangers, but the Husband to her lips), as yielding her Virtue; for the Woman who suffers any kind of dalliance from a Man, reduces her consequence, and gives crude suspicions to the World of her character. There is no prudery in this. Women may be chearful and gay, without giving their hands and mouths to testify their good-nature and ease. It is the same with the Virgin. If she suffers herself to be pulled about, and toyed with, and kissed, she will find those very Gallants the foremost to blow upon her fame. It is an idle frippery custom, and practised by no people *publicly* but the indelicate English.

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Hail Modesty! fair female Honour hail!  
Beauty's chief ornament, and Beauty's Self!  
For Beauty must with Virtue ever dwell;  
And thou art Virtue! and without thy charm  
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principle of all their actions.—I feel, that my aunt spoke truth.”—

As for Melville, an obstacle of less moment than this was sufficient to deprive him at once of repose, of appetite, and of reason. He was now deprived of health also, and had been two days confined to his bed with a fever, when Sir Charles Frankley paid a visit to him.—On being told the cause of it, the Baronet could not help smiling.

“Is that all?” cried he.—“Despair not—I will myself undertake your cure.—I will go to Julia, the cruel Julia, as you call her.—I will describe to her your love, your despair; and every hour will she offer up prayers for your recovery.”—

“This is too much, Sir Charles,” replied Melville, rather disgusted than consoled with the levity of his friend.—He would have proceeded, but Sir Charles was already gone, nor was it in his power to recall him.

The sudden absence of Melville was a fund of astonishment to Miss Fairfax, of distress to her niece.—Convinced that it was an undeniable proof of his fickleness, the only comfort of Julia was, that she had not expressly revealed to him her sentiments.—“If assured of his triumph,” thought she, “how would he have acted, since already, though full of uncertainty about it, he flies from me in search of new conquests!—I will never doubt what my aunt says again.”

In the instant enters Sir Charles Frankley to her.—With what a mixture of sorrow, and of alarm, did she learn the tidings of her lover’s illness—did she learn, that love was the cause of it!—“It is not true, then,” thought she, “that Melville is inconstant, that vanity is the source of his love!—Vanity produces no such effect as this.”—This reflection, however, only served to heighten her perplexity. She longed to convey comfort to him, and she could not devise the means.

“Come, Madam,” said Sir Charles, “there is no time to be lost.—You must endeavour to repair the mischief you have done by writing to the dying swain.”—

“Heavens! What would the world think of such a step?—Indeed, Sir Charles, I cannot, must not, write to him.”—

“Oh! never think of the world—think of this, that poor Melville is a dead man if he receives not, with all dispatch, a letter from his Julia.—In one word, Madam, either resolve to love, to console, my friend Jack, or resolve, from this moment, to accept the addresses of your humble servant.”—

And already was he upon his knees before her.

“A singular alternative this, Sir Charles; but I will not hesitate as to the choice.”—

“Yet,” thought Julia, “to write to a man when my aunt forbids me to speak to one, is to make no good use of her instructions.—If, however, the illness of Mr. Melville proceeds from his unjust doubts about me;—if a let-

ter may be the means of removing it;—and if, for want of that letter, his disorder increases, my conscience would accuse me.—I should never be happy.—I begin to think that the notions of my aunt are rather too rigid.”—

Sir Charles was at no loss to divine the sentiments of Julia.

“Come, Madam, every minute is precious—every minute may diminish my zeal, and will certainly encrease the danger of my friend.”—

“Dear Baronet, what would you have me write?”

“Whatever the heart shall communicate.”  
“My heart has never yet explained itself in favour of any man.—Besides, I know not how to begin.”—

“Well, write what I shall dictate.”

Julia, with trembling hand, took up the pen.—Thus did Sir Charles begin his talk.

*Your absence distressed me, yet I knew not the real cause of it. I know it now, and am more uneasy than ever.*

“Is not this rather too strong?” interrupted Julia, though not till she had finished the last word.—

“By no means.—The veriest prode would not soften such an expression as this.—Come, Madam, let us proceed.”—

*I am told, that you think yourself unhappy:—Believe me, you deceive yourself.*

“Indeed, Sir Charles, these are strange expressions.”—

Strange!—Why there are none more common.—One other sentence, and we have done.—

*Cease to torment yourself, and live, if not for your own sake, for the sake of your affectionate* JULIA.

“Affectionate Julia!—These words shall not pass.—How can you require such a confession from me?”

“Do, Madam, as you think proper, but take the consequences.—Behold me then as thy feet, a supplicant either for Melville or for myself.—Determine your choice.”—

Perplexed as she was, Julia could hardly contain her countenance. Besides, every instant she expected her aunt from an adjoining room, where she was engaged with her lawyers upon a suit at law, on the issue of which the greatest part of her fortune depended.—The Baronet still persisted; and at length, with the omission of *your affectionate*, the dispute was terminated, and the letter delivered into his hands.

“Here!” cried Sir Charles, with an air of conscious triumph, as he approached the bed of his disconsolate friend.—“Here, my boy, is a recipe for your disorder more effectual than all the formal prescriptions of a Duffean, or a Pringle!—Here is a letter from Julia!”

“From Julia!” echoed Melville, starting from bed, while he snatched the paper with eagerness, and, as it were, devoured the contents of it.—His ecstasy began to dwindle.

“Ah!

"Ah! Sir Charles," cried he, sinking back upon his pillow.

And he once more canvassed every line of it, before he uttered another word.

"Ah! Sir Charles, there is more of pity, or of cold politeness, I fear, than of affection in this letter.—She has not yet said that she loves me.—Alas! Julia, it was all I asked, and still thou deniest me."

What signifies it whether she says it, or says it not? Is it not plain, that she *does* love you?—Jack, I am really ashamed of you."

Thanks to a good constitution, thanks to the gay admonitions of his friend, our hero, within a few days, was in a condition to wait upon Miss Howard and her aunt.—He entered with an air of dejection and indifference—an air which at once pierced the heart of Julia, and revived her doubts.—It might be supposed, that Melville should have expressed his acknowledgments to Miss Howard for her letter; but Melville was unwilling to bestow acknowledgments, where he thought that none were due. As for Julia, tormented with the idea that she had over-stepped the boundaries of modesty in writing to him at all, she assumed a look of carelessness, which gave the lie to her heart, gave the lie to every word she had penned.

"Oh! God," thought the restless Melville, "is it even so?—It is.—My conjecture is just. The letter means nothing, or means too much.—It must have been extorted from Julia by Sir Charles; nay, perhaps, is the result of a plot concerted between them to impose upon my credulity."

In this crisis appears the Baronet himself.

"Hey-day!" exclaimed he to the love-barrasted pair—"What still in the dumps, still dissatisfied with each other, still in want of my services?"

"Less of your officiousness, Sir Charles."

"More of your spirit, Mr. Melville.—My labour, I promise you, shall not go for nothing."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Mean!—Why, that if Miss Howard and you come not to an immediate éclaircissement, I shall think myself in honour obliged to take her off your hands."

Julia could not help smiling.—Melville saw the smile—saw it, and trembled every joint.

"A mighty laconic declaration this!"

"It is only a repetition, Sir, of what I have already told the lady in private."

"This is too much!" rejoined Melville, with a fury which, however, he was compelled to stifle by reason of the instant entrance of Miss Fairfax from her toilet—her toilet which, for some years past, had become her *Sanctum Sanctorum*, became a repository of mysteries impervious to every eye but her own.

Sir Charles, who was never tired of bantering, never tired of serving, his friend,

imagined that he should do a pleasure to him by proposing a party that evening to the play.

—Julia bowed consent; and as for her aunt, the will of the Baronet was still a law to her.—How great was their astonishment when they heard Mr. Melville excuse himself by pretending a prior engagement!—Already full of doubts that his mistress was a stranger to love, he determined, whimsically enough, to try if she was susceptible of jealousy. On his adding, that it was with the Countess of Hayman, one of their intimate friends, he was to have the pleasure of passing the remainder of the day, Miss Fairfax reddened with envy; Julia sighed with grief. The Countess, though in the full bloom of youth, was yet in her widowhood, was formed to please, and ambitious of pleasing.—Not a coxcomb round the Court who was not proud of being numbered among her slaves.

Charmed with his stratagem, Melville, on the pretence of preparing for his engagement, bowed, and took his leave.

"Mighty odd this!" thought Sir Charles.—

"Egad the young fellow begins already to form, to have some idea of making love.—I am glad to find it."

But the woe-fraught countenance, the swelling bosom, of Julia expressed a different language.—These seemed to say, "Ah! Melville, Melville! how can you use me thus?"

The curtain was not yet drawn up, when Sir Charles and the ladies arrived at the theatre.—Miss Fairfax, as if proud of her deformities, took every opportunity of displaying her person—of displaying her gaudy ornaments; while the artless Julia, rendered yet more artless by the modest negligence of her dress, seemed ambitiously to conceal her beauties. Yet was there not a Macaroni among the men, who did not leer at her with admiration—a Coquette among the women, who did not titter at her with envy, when Melville and the Countess presented themselves in the opposite box.—With a studied, yet dear bought, air of indifference did Jack bow to the Misses Fairfax and Howard; nor was their return to the compliment less free from embarrassment.

But for Sir Charles, Julia could not have sustained the conflict, could not have assumed what at length, with the help of his lively prattle, she did assume—an air of gaiety, foreign to her heart.—As the countenance of Julia brightened, that of Melville lowered.—The conversation of the Countess had no longer any charms for him.

"Perfidious scoundrel!" thought he, as he eyed the Baronet.—"Sdeath! he already throws aside all restraint, even in my presence, already proclaims himself my rival—as my rival I will treat him."

Zara was the play, in the course of which the jealous suspicions of Osman afforded a fund of ironical pleasantry to the Countess—of tearful reflection to Miss Howard. She could not help comparing her own situation

with that of the heroine of the piece.—Nor was the less affected with the entertainment, which happened to be *The Oracle*\*. “The fairy,” thought Julia, “will not suffer Lucinda to see a man; my aunt will not suffer me to listen to one.—The reasons of the fairy cannot fairly be bad; and as for those of my aunt, I am convinced, that they are perfectly good.”

Sir Charles escorted the ladies under his charge home. Melville remained with the Countess, with whom, to complete his distraction, he found himself obliged to stay supper.—The company was gay and numerous; and our hero, unable to partake of their mirth, or to sustain their railery, made an early retreat.

He went to bed, but went not to sleep. In the morning, after much hesitation, he determined to pay his respects, once more, to his *faithless* Julia.—How great was his astonishment, his anguish, when he met with a reception from her as if nothing had happened—a reception, free from the smallest tincture either of jealousy or of resentment!—The pride of insulted beauty had come to her aid, had enabled her to make a parade of indifference. Melville, however, imputed every thing to her predilection for Sir Charles; and unwilling to discover his uneasiness, his perplexity, in the presence of Miss Fairfax, he retired, leaving Julia yet more than ever persuaded of his inconsistency. In the view of dissipating his sorrows, he proceeded to the Countess of Hayman’s. There he found his imaginary rival and Colonel Tomkyns, the intimate friend of both parties, in close conversation.—As he entered the room, “Upon my honour,” cried the Colonel, “this Miss Howard is exceedingly handsome.—What can the bel-dame, her aunt, mean by showing herself in every public place with her?—Oh! Mr. Melville, your most obedient.—We are talking of Miss Howard:—You, I thought, was the favourite; but our friend here, it seems, is the happy man.”

It would have been an inconsistency in the character of Sir Charles to have refused this compliment. He bowed, but spoke not.—This was enough for Melville, who now determined, at all events, to bring matters to an immediate issue. Taking advantage, therefore, of the absence of the Countess, he whispered to the Baronet, that he should be glad he would follow him into Hyde Park.

“Sir, within five minutes you may expect me,” replied Sir Charles, still ignorant of his design.

And within five minutes they met.

“Well,” cried the Baronet, with his usual vivacity, “how goes on your new intrigue?—Egad, my friend, I congratulate you upon your choice.—You will make more progress with the

Countess of Hayman in two months, than with Julia Howard in two years.”

“In one point, Sir Charles, I have made more progress than you, perhaps, are aware.—I have already learnt, Sir, to distinguish a true friend from a false friend.”

“What!” returned the other, rather piqued at the tone with which this sarcasm was uttered.—“Is this the fruit of your new intimacy with the Countess?”

“No more of the Countess, Sir!—Let us talk of your behaviour.—I have been repeatedly offended with it, and now, once for all, mean to obtain satisfaction.”

“One word more in this style, Melville, and I shall no longer think myself at liberty to underwrite you.”

“Undecide me! It were in vain to attempt it.—Sir, I know your perfidy.”

“Then let us retire to a spot of more privacy.”

The gaiety of Sir Charles never forsook him. He went to fight his friend, as if he had been upon a visit to his mistress.

“It would seem,” said he, “that the age of chivalry was restored, when people, for want of better amusement, used to go a-tilting in honour of their damsels.—An air in a scarf, indeed, had always peculiar charms to the eyes of the ladies.”

Having chosen their ground, and drawn their swords, they engaged with as much fury as if they had been foes from their birth.—Already had each received a wound, when Colonel Tomkyns appeared between them.

“For heaven’s sake, gentlemen, what is the matter?”

“Faith, I know not, Colonel:—ask Melville; perhaps he can tell you.”

Melville, however, who thought he knew too well what the matter was, chose still to be silent.—A surgeon was immediately procured; and the wounds of the two combatants being dressed, they were conveyed to their respective abodes.—Colonel Tomkyns accompanied Mr. Melville, whom he considered as the aggressor in the affair; and after having repeatedly, but in vain, questioned him as to the rise of it, he concluded, that they were rivals in love, and that the Countess of Hayman was the object of their competition.

It was her ladyship, however, who first suspected the motive of their abrupt departure from her house. In an adjoining apartment she had over-heard the whisper of Melville to Sir Charles; when alarmed for the consequences, she instantly dispatched the Colonel after them.—Hence his sudden appearance upon the scene of action, which, without the knowledge of this circumstance, might appear as unaccountable to the discerning reader as it did to Melville and Sir Charles.

The

\* An ingenious *petite piece* translated from the French, with all its beauties, by the late Mrs. Cibber, and since frittered away into an empty vehicle of sound, under the title of *Daphne and Amintor*, by a certain sing-song dramatist of infamous memory.

The Countess, though a coquette both by nature and by habit, was yet deeply enamoured of Sir Charles, of whom in truth she was a perfect counter-part. Superior, however, to the childish vanity of her giddy sisterhood, who consider the death of a lover as a sacrifice offered up to their charms, as the most substantial triumph of their beauty, she sat upon the rack of impatience till the return of the Colonel. On being apprised of the issue of the *rencontre*, and on reflecting, that the challenge had issued from Mr. Melville, she no longer entertained a doubt but that Miss Howard was the contested favourite of both. Her only fear was, that the jealousy of Melville had too sure a foundation. Yet, from a certain spirit of intrigue, a spirit not uncommon in the female world, she secretly sent intelligence to Miss Fairfax of the duel between the two friends, with a plausible hint, that she was herself the cause of it.

The jealousy of a woman who has advanced into the wane of her beauty is easily roused.—To deprive Miss Fairfax of Sir Charles Frankley, was to deprive her of her All. Not even from the penetrating eyes of her niece could she conceal her despair—her niece, on whom, however, she had bestowed a considerable degree of confidence, from the moment she thought her neglected by Melville.

Julia possessed a happy talent for painting: It was her favourite amusement; and, one day, her aunt, in a fit of love-sick unreserve, insisted on having a miniature likeness of Sir Charles, pencilled from memory.—Julia promised an immediate compliance.—“Ah! Melville,” thought she, “shall I paint thee also? I will, perfidious as thou art.”

In the mean while, what with sorrow left he had unjustly quarrelled with Sir Charles, what with apprehension, that his resentment was grounded on certainty, Melville was seized with a fever which greatly retarded the cure of his wound. The Baronet, on the other hand, was well, and abroad, within eight days. Setting aside all animosity, or, rather incapable of harbouring any, his soul melted, when he heard of the situation of his antagonist; and he determined to reconcile him, once more, with his Julia.—“They are like two children,” thought he, “who now fondle with, now pout at, each other.—I will have pity on their inexperience, and oblige them to come to a right understanding.”

Full of this project, he waited upon Miss Fairfax.

“What, Sir Charles!” cried she, the moment he entered.—“Abroad already?—Is the lady who could induce you to brave the perils of a single combat so negligent of your cure?—Some people are strangely ignorant of the value of things!”—

“Upon my honour, Madam, I know not whom you mean.—I have indeed had an affair with Mr. Melville, but can tell you nothing further about it.”

“No, no, Baronet—people in these days fight not duels without knowing why, or for whom.”

Julia happened to be from home; and Sir Charles, unwilling to explain the matter but to her, took his leave. He renewed his visit the following day, and it proved favourable to his wishes. Being informed that Miss Howard was alone in the library, he advanced thither with his wonted familiarity. The door was open; and Julia, too seriously engaged to observe him, was seated in tearful silence, tracing with her pencil the features of her faithless Melville.—Sir Charles, with extasy, saw that it was his friend's picture—saw that it was for him she cried.—“Those tears!” thought he.—“Ah! Julia, soon, soon, will I wipe them from thy lovely cheeks.”

And away he tripped, as he had come, softly, and unperceived.

“Here,” thought he, as he went along, “is a new specific for poor Melville.—All that remains is, to contrive the means of communicating it to him.—My presence would only heighten his malady.

Turning round, he espied Colonel Tomkyns.

“Colonel, your most obedient.”

“Your's, Baronet:—I am thus far on my way to your house, with a message from the distracted Melville.—He longs with ardour to embrace you.”

“I am delighted to hear it.—One visit from me, will do him more service, if I mistake not, than fifty potions.—Oh! Colonel, I have such news for him!—Come, let us lose no time.”

On the approach of Sir Charles, Melville eagerly stretched out his arm.

“My dear Baronet! I am told, that all my suspicions were false.—I am now convinced, that they were.—Forget what is past, and be again my friend.”

“Again your friend!—Melville, I have not yet ceased to love you.—I have made a discovery for you, which”——

“A discovery!” interrupted Melville with warmth.—“Ah! my friend, when, where, how?”

“Why, just now, in the closet of Julia, by stealth.—To atone for the absence of her Melville, the sweet innocent employs herself in drawing his picture.”

“Dear Sir Charles!”

And he sprung up from his pillow in order to embrace him.

“Dear Sir Charles, do not—I pray you do not renew your banter.—My picture can be of no consequence in the eyes of Julia.”

“Well, soon as you have recovered, you shall pay your respects to Miss Howard, and be yourself a witness that—You need not dread the frowns of her aunt.—She is every morning from home employed about her law-suit.”

Many days had not elapsed, when Melville, invigorated by hope, found himself in a condition

dition to wait upon the mistress of his heart.

Sir Charles accompanied him, but neither Mrs Howard nor her aunt was at home.—The former had just gone into the Park with the lady Dowager Belmont, her relation from the country; the latter, as usual, was abroad, bewildering herself in the mazes of the law.

Melville could not be easy till he had prevailed upon his friend to go in search of Julia, that she might be prepared for his visit.—In this interval, in the view perhaps of having a peep at his picture, he stepped into the library.—What were his emotions when, instead of his own portrait, he beheld that of Sir Charles yet wet from the pencil of Julia!

"Heavens!" cried he, distracted with a tumult of passions—"Am I, then, destined to be the unceasing sport of a perfidious villain, and an ungrateful woman!"

And away he flung, vowing vengeance at every step.

Not long after returned Sir Charles with the ladies, from the Park.—Julia, without once stopping, flew to the library.

"No bad omen this for poor Jack!" thought the Baronet, charmed with her eagerness.

But the desire of seeing her lover was yet less predominant in the bosom of Julia, than that of removing the picture which she had so imprudently exposed.—The picture she finds, nearly in the same position in which she had left it, but finds not Melville.—She searches every adjoining apartment for him, but searches in vain.—She rings the bell, and is informed, that Mr. Melville, with fury and disappointment in his looks, with oaths and imprecations upon his lips, had disappeared half an hour before.

"Wretch that I am!" cried Julia, sinking back upon a sofa—"he has seen the fatal portrait,—seen it, and is doubtless more than ever convinced of my baseness.—Alas! it will be impossible any longer to deceive him."

And she remained, for some time, in a speechless agony of grief.

The conversation of an ancient dowager could have no great charms to the gay Baronet. "But!" thought he, "while our lovers think the minutes short, to me they shall not appear long."—Presently the foot-steps of Julia were heard.—If Sir Charles had been struck with the vivacity of her departure, he was not less so now with the dejection of her return. Fortunately the old lady took her leave, and afforded them an opportunity for a *tête à tête*.

"Well, Julia, have I not brought back Melville to you cured of his follies?—He had not the courage to meet you till I had paved the way for his reception.—But, come, what did he say?"

"Who?—Mr. Melville?—Indeed, Sir Charles, I have not so much as seen him."

"Not seen him, and have yet suffered me to continue alone with your superannuated dowager till now!"

"Alas! he was gone before we returned.—His visit is a fresh affront to me."

"What," thought Sir Charles, "can be at the bottom of this?"

Julia could well have told him, but she dared not to reveal the secrets of her aunt.

"The mystery, Madam, shall be cleared up, and that immediately," cried the Baronet, starting up.

"Hold, Sir Charles!—for heaven's sake, hold!—I fear lest, from some fresh misunderstanding, Mr. Melville and you should be again embroiled."

But to talk to Sir Charles was to talk to the wind.—On his arrival at the house of his friend, he found him stalking across his apartment with hasty strides.

"Upon my honour, Jack, you are one of the most unaccountable fellows in England.—I protest you render every person ridiculous who is connected with you."

"What, Sir?" returned Melville, eyeing him with fury—"mean you to repeat your insults even under my roof?"

And he renewed his strides.

"Let me intreat of you, Mr. Melville, to sit down, to be composed.—I see that some new mistake has happened."

"Mistake! No, no, there can be no mistake now.—All my doubts are satisfied.—I am a proper subject, *truly*, to form the diversion of you, and of Julia!"

"Hear me, Melville.—We know each other well.—Tell me, then, what reason you can have to suspect me of this meanness.—But tell me, first, why after I had prepared Julia for your visit, and she, lovely innocent! flew to receive you—tell me why, thus circumstanced, you thought proper to disappear."

"Alas! she flew not to receive me:—she flew to conceal the testimony of her falsehood, to conceal thy picture, Sir Charles."

"My picture!"

"Yes, *thine*:—I saw it, examined it.—It lay unfinished upon her table not an hour ago."

"Egad! this is a singular adventure.—Are you sure that it was my picture?"

"Ah! too sure.—Would I were otherwise! Yes, it is Sir Charles Frankley she prefers, Sir Charles Frankley she loves!"

"Faith," replied the Baronet—though not till he had mused for the space of a minute—"it is very possible, that this *may* be the case! I see nothing miraculous in it.—It is not the first time that I have triumphed in the heart of a lady, without either suspecting it or even wishing for it.—And really, Jack, it would be cruel to disappoint the poor thing!"

"Do, Sir, as you think proper; but reflect, that Julia is not less dear to me than life; that in tearing the one from me you shall tear the other."

"Fie, Melville! you really do not polish at all.—I would rather kill any other man than you.—But what would you have me do? You know

know Julia.—Is it in nature, think you, to treat her with rigour ?”

“Perfidious Julia!—Canst thou doubt, a single instant, that I do not adore thee?”

“Well, my friend, carry your homage to another shrine, and leave Julia to repent at leisure.”

“No, Sir, I insist upon it that she shall instantly explain herself—instantly, with her own lips, pronounce the object of her choice.—I will at least have the pleasure of enjoying her confusion, of overwhelming her with reproaches.”

“By heavens, you shall not.—Besides, Jack, consider the absurdity of such a step.—Love, now-a-days, is become merely a tacit agreement. People form attachments, and break them, without ever dropping a word about the matter. Every question, in such cases, is childish—every confession superfluous, every reproach mean, and unbecoming.”

But this, and fifty other arguments, weighed not a feather with Melville; and Sir Charles was at length obliged to comply with the humour of his friend.—On their entrance, the colour flushed the cheek of Julia.

“Come, Madam,” cried the Baronet—“be not alarmed.—Our forlorn friend, here, longs to know his destiny.—He will have it, that your heart has declared itself in favour of me—will have it, that a certain portrait in your possession is intended for me.—’Tis his a strange visit, I confess—but such is the caprice of Mr. Melville.”

Julia spoke not, and her confusion increased. “Sdeath!” exclaimed Melville, “there need not words to denounce my doom.—Her silence, her downcast eyes, express too much.—I am sacrificed— undone.—But know, cruel Julia, that either my happy rival shall not long enjoy his triumph, or his sword shall prevent me from witnessing my shame!”

Still was Julia silent.

“Faith, Jack, I begin to pity you; and were it not that I scorn to be ungrateful to Julia, I really might carry the heroism of friendship to its height.—But look at Julia—look at her, my friend, and blame me if you can.”

Miss Howard could contain herself no longer.

“And pray, Mr. Melville, how long is it since you have become so deeply interested in what passes in my heart?—There was a time, and that not an age ago, when that seemed to be a matter of no consequence to you.—The Countess of Hayman” —

“I have indeed, Madam,” interrupted Melville, “deservedly incurred your rigour, your hatred.—Yet while I seemed to shun, I adored you—while I seemed to neglect your charms in favour of those of a rival, I never talked to that rival but of you.—Blind to the charms of the Countess of Hayman, I never opened my lips but to dwell upon those of my Julia.”

“Oh, heavens!” exclaimed Miss Howard—“to what an extremity am I reduced!”

“Regard it not,” cried Sir Charles.—“Obey the dictates of your heart.”

“Alas! they are no longer to be resisted,” sighed forth Julia.

And, with trembling hand, she produced from her pocket the picture of her lover.

“Adorable creature!” exclaimed Melville, throwing himself upon his knees the moment he beheld his own likeness; while oppressed with joy, he could not utter another word.

“Adorable creature!” exclaimed he again, as he recovered from his extasy.—“What do I not owe to thee!—What do I not deserve for my base suspicions!”

And he paused.

“But—but, Julia!”

The happiness of Melville began already to vanish.—The mystery, he thought, was not yet unravelled; and though he longed to hint his fears, yet he could not tell how.

“But, Julia, there is another picture still!”

Julia again changed colour, and trembled, while Melville again gave a loose to his jealousy—Sir Charles, to his astonishment.

Thus were they situated, when Miss Fairfax entered the room, fraught with the news of the happy issue of her process.

“Hey-day! what is the meaning of all this?”—exclaimed she, amazed at the perplexity visible on the countenance of each.

“You, Madam,” replied Sir Charles, “can perhaps explain it.—In the possession of Julia there is a certain picture”—

“Picture!” echoed Miss Fairfax, with emotion.—“What picture?”

“Here it is, Madam,” added Julia, unable any longer to behold the distraction of her lover.—“Here it is, finished agreeably to your request. It belongs to you alone to dispose of it.”

And she put into her hand the portrait of Sir Charles.

“Well, Baronet,” continued Miss Fairfax, rather piqued, but willing to put the best face upon the matter—“people wish not to possess the likeness of an object that is indifferent to them.—The picture shall be mine; in return for which my hand and fortune are at your service—my fortune, which has to-day received an increase of thirty thousand pounds.”

“Madam, your most obedient.—But allow me, in the first place, to complete the happiness of my friends—in other words, to obtain your consent, that this faithful pair may be united, and that they may partake with you of the fruits of this happy day.”

Miss Fairfax, too much elated to refuse any request which came from her dear Baronet, bowed, and smiled.—Our lovers were in an extasy.

“Dear Sir Charles!”—“Dear Aunt!”—cried they in a breath.

Utter more they could not, without doing injustice to their sensibility.

"Now," cried Sir Charles, "every mystery I think, is cleared up but that of—of my marriage."

"*Your marriage!*" echoed Melville and Julia, with amazement.—"*Your marriage!*" echoed Miss Fairfax, with both amazement and horror.

"My marriage with the Countess of Hayman.—Why we are old in wedlock now.—We have been married almost—ay almost a week.—Her ladyship is now at home, and will be happy to receive this good company to dinner."

Melville and Julia with pleasure embraced the invitation. But Miss Fairfax, on the presence of a sudden head-ach, begged to be excused.

She neglected not, however, her promise to Sir Charles.—On the day which gave to Melville the possession of his Julia, she presented the bride with the sum of ten thousand pounds;

a sum which, indeed, they wanted not, but which induced the world to throw a veil over her foibles, and to pity her misfortunes.—Soon after, she retired to a village, at a considerable distance from London—a village, long since famous for methodism, and famous for scandal.—There she lived, contented as an antiquated maiden could live, till about six months ago, when, in consequence of a certain failure in the City, by which she was considerably injured, her heart broke, and she resigned her breath to him who gave it—resigned the enjoyment of a world which she had often termed, "a world of vanity, and of disappointment."

As for Sir Charles and his lady, they are still as happy as an endless round of dissipation, an unbounded confidence in the fidelity of each other, can make them.—The felicity of Mr. and Mrs. Melville, on the other hand, strictly domestic, is centered in each other, and in a lovely boy and girl, the living images of their father and mother.

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*For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.*

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF TURKISH JUSTICE.

**W**E have many opportunities of admiring the sagacity with which justice is administered among the Turks, whom we condemn for their ignorance in this point, because their laws are not founded upon any regular code.—Of this truth the following instances exhibit a striking proof.

A MERCHANT in Turkey, having lost his purse, in which were two hundred pieces of gold, offered by the public crier to give the half of the sum for the recovery of it. It had fallen into the hands of a sailor, who, unwilling to incur the penalty of theft—a penalty, which by an article of the Koran every person must incur who retains any thing that has been lost, and publicly cried—offered to return it for the promised reward.—The merchant, transported with the thoughts of getting back his money, longed to set aside his promise; and as for this purpose some pretext was necessary, he insisted that, besides the two hundred pieces of gold, there was a valuable emerald in the purse. The sailor took Heaven and the Prophet to witness that he had found no emerald. He was nevertheless carried on a charge of theft before the Cady, who, whether from injustice or from negligence, acquitted him of the crime, but reproached him for having lost the jewel, and obliged him to restore to the owner the two hundred pieces of gold, without the reward. Both the honour and the hopes of the poor sailor being ruined by this severe sentence, he carried his complaints to the Vizir, who judging the matter worthy of a hearing, summoned the different parties before him. After the merchant had told his story,

he demanded of the crier what orders he had received relative to the loss. The man having ingenuously declared, that no mention had been made to him of aught but the two hundred pieces of gold, the merchant instantly added, that his reason for not including the emerald in his directions to the crier, was, lest it should have fallen into the hands of some unskilful person, who, from his ignorance of its value, would have no temptation to keep it. The sailor, on the other hand, made oath, that he had found nothing in the purse but the gold; and at length the Vizir decided the contest as follows: "Since the merchant has lost an emerald, with two hundred pieces of gold; and since the sailor swears, that in the purse he found there was no emerald, it is plain that the purse and the gold claimed by the merchant belong to some other person. Let him, therefore, cry his gold and his emerald till he shall have recovered them. As to the sailor, he shall retain for forty days the gold he has found; and if the loser of it appears not within that space, he shall enjoy it as his lawful property."

A CHRISTIAN MERCHANT having intrusted a number of bales of silk with a Turkish camel-driver, in order to convey them from Aleppo to Constantinople, set out thither along with him. In the middle of the journey, however, he was taken so ill, that he could not follow the caravan, which, by reason of this cross accident, arrived long before him. The other, at the end of a few weeks, imagining that his employer was dead, sold the silks, and changed his



his profession. At length, when the merchant had reached Constantinople, he enquired for, and with difficulty found out, the camel-driver. On desiring to have his goods, the knave pretended not to know him, and denied that he had ever been a camel-driver. The Cady before whom the affair came to be heard, asked the Christian what his demand was.—“I demand,” replied he, “twenty bales of silk which I delivered into the custody of this man.”—“What answer have you to this charge?” continued the Cady, addressing himself to the camel-driver.—“I know not,” declared he, “what he means about his bales of silk and his camels.—I never saw, nor heard of the man before.”—The Cady demanded of the Christian what proofs he had to produce in

support of his claim; and he could only add, That his illness prevented him from accompanying the camel-driver. The Cady told them they were two fools, and to retire from his presence. He accordingly turned his back upon them; and as they withdrew together from the court, he cried aloud from one of the windows, “Here, you camel-driver, a word with you.”—The Turk instantly turned round, without reflecting that he had so lately abjured that profession. On this the Cady, obliging him to return that instant, ordered the bastinado to be given to him till he should confess his villany. He then condemned him to refund the Christian for his silk, and to pay a considerable fine for the false oath he had taken.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

MONTHLY AND CRITICAL REVIEW

FOR OCTOBER, 1773.

*Considerations on the Use of Injections in the Gonorrhoea.* By W. Cribb, Surgeon. 8vo. 1s. 6d. Flexney.

THE doctrines laid down in this tract are founded upon experience, which is the best recommendation they can have.

*The Eastern Lovers.* A Novel. 12mo. 3s. Bladon.

A translation from the French, and abounds in all the romance of a Gallic imagination. But a melancholy tale, which offers no claim to probability, will seldom affect the heart.

*Hadleigh Grove; or the History of Sir Charles Davers, and the fair Jessica.* A Novel. 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. Rofon.

This Novel is of the lowest order.

*All's Right at Last; or, The History of Miss West.* 2 vols. 12mo. 5s. F. and J. Noble.

We have seen Novels, of the modern spawn, which have been conducted with less art than these; but they were those of the lowest order. The present one is just above it.

*Surry Triumphant, or the Kentish-men's Defeat. Being a Parody on Chevy Chase.* 4to. 1s. 6d. J. Johnson.

This is an ingenious piece of pleasantry, though the Author would wish us to understand something more by it. The subject is the last Cricket-match between the men of Kent and Surry; the former headed by the Duke of Dorset, the latter by Lord Tankerville. The various incidents of this game are related with much poetical humour; and the Author, to support the dignity of the Heroic, has been very careful in marking his moral in various places. The first stanza will shew this, and give the foundation of the story, which may be a sufficient specimen to our readers.

October, 1773.

God prosper long our harvest work,  
Our rakes and hay-carts all!

An ill-tim'd Cricket-match there did  
At Bishops-bourn befall.

To Bat and Bowl with might and main  
Two Nobles took their way:

The Hay may rue, that is unhours'd,  
The batting of that day.

The active earl of Tankerville

An even bet did make,  
That in Bourn Paddock he would cause  
Kent's chiefest hands to quake;

To see the Surry Cricketers

Out-bat them and out-bowl.  
To Dorset's duke the tidings came,  
All in the park of Knowle:

Who sent his lordship present word,  
He would prevent his sport.

The Surry earl, not fearing this,  
Did to East Kent resort;

With ten more masters of the bat,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well in time of need,  
To aim or block aright.

[From Marsh and Weald, their hay-forks left,

To Bourn the rustics hied,  
From Romney, Cranbrook, Tenterden,  
And Darent's verdant side:

Gentle and simple, squire and clerks,  
With many a lady fair;  
Fam'd Thanet, Fowell's beauteous bride,  
And graceful Sondes were there.]

The concluding stanza:

God save the King, and bless the land  
With plenty and increase;  
And grant henceforth that idle games  
In Harvest-time may cease!

*The Kentish Cricketers. A Poem. By a Gentleman.* 4to. 1s. Richardson and Urquhart.

This is a reply to the last Ballad. As That celebrated the men of Surry, so This espouse the men of Kent. Yet the Author is destitute of invention and poetry; and the writer of the Ballad is as superior to him as the Surry men were to the Kentish men.

*An Ode, sacred to the Memory of the late Right Honourable George Lord Lyttelton.* 4to. 1s. Doddsley.

Prefixed to this Ode is an introductory address to Mrs. Montague, which treats chiefly of Lord Lyttelton's merit as a Historian, and places his abilities in a very flattering light.

With respect to the Ode, little is to be urged in praise of it; and perhaps the Author in throwing a few flowers upon the grave of the honoured Dead, ought to refrain us from judging it critically.

We shall avail ourselves of this consideration, and censure slightly; noting only such inaccuracies as the Author might have avoided by a better use of his judgment.

This Bard fails chiefly in chastity of metaphor and correctness of expression.

"Noble by rank—each ray from thence,  
Chance may to meaner souls dispenſe,  
Reflected thence more bright;  
No borrow'd plume adorn'd his name;  
His virtues and his solid fame  
Charm'd by their native light."

In the first part of this Stanza the allusion of a ray of light is adopted and supported; in the fourth line he quits it for that of a plume; and in the last he drops the feather, and returns to the ray. This is a great violation of poetical chastity. The figure which is borrowed to illustrate a thought, ought to be carried on uninterruptedly till the thought has been completely expressed; and if the figure is not capable of answering this purpose, it proves that it was not a good one.

"Of Learning useful, pure, and true,  
From Science' genuine founts he drew  
Sincere and copious draughts."

In this expression, the word *sincere* does not appear to have any meaning. What idea does a *sincere draught* convey to the mind?

"When Ministers have dared to stray  
In Tyranny's enticing way,  
Ort he'a the stream oppose," &c.

What stream? This allusion stands quite unconnected with any thing either preceding or following; for with the idea of *Ministers going astray*, which we suppose it was intended to illustrate, it cannot be allowed to have any relation.

"How sweetly o'er his Lucy's bier,  
Harmonious fell the gentle tear,

How mark'd with generous woe!

Lefs sweet, Petrarcha, were thy strains,  
When thou for Laura taught'st the plains  
And woods in tears to flow."

This cluster of metaphorical words are an infinite variance with each other. The *tear*, which fell o'er Lucy's bier, fell sweetly; but the idea of a tear falling sweetly upon any plate does not appear to be immediately comprehensible. It fell harmoniously too; and this idea too is equally incapable of definition. The *tear* was marked too with woe. Another paradox! But if the Author, by a *Tear*, means a *Melody*, (which perhaps may be the case by poetical implication) the epithets will apply to it with a better grace.

In the last lines of the above Stanza, use is made of a bolder figure than many Bards have ventured to adopt. It is there said of Petrarch, that his strains caused the plains and woods to flow in tears. On many occasions the plains have been made to mourn, and the woods to hang their drooping heads; but to make them dissolve into tears was left for the Panegyrist of Lord Lyttelton.

"Around his bier the Muses mourn,  
With civic wreaths his bust adorn,  
And heave their melting sighs."

In these lines the Poet has given a reward to his Hero which he did not (so far as we know) merit. He has made a mistake, by crowning him with oak instead of laurel. The civic crown was among the Romans the honourable reward of the man who had saved the life of a Citizen; but we believe his Lordship's services to his Country were of another kind. Besides, supposing the civic wreaths to have been his Lordship's undoubted property, we do not imagine that the gift of these was ever reckoned within the province of the *Muses*, as our Bard avers.

"Canst thou, Lothario, view this scene,  
And yet continue in thy dream  
Of grovelling pleasures low?  
Behold what honours Virtue wait!  
But know, by Nature and by Fate,  
Vice brings on only woe."

Scene and dream are very distant rhymes. We have repeated this Stanza chiefly to shew, (what may be remarked throughout the whole Ode) that the Author's talent in verification is indifferent, and that he is frequently put to his shifts for words to jingle with each other. The third and sixth lines of this Stanza prove it; for they are coked out by miserable and un-musical phrases. It may also be observed, that the Author scarcely in one instance betrays a sparkle of poetic enthusiasm. Grief seldom depresses the imagination of a genuine Son of the Muses. It was therefore with some propriety that the Author inserted in his Ode the following stanza:

"Pardon, thou high exalted mind,  
(Who to thy Lucy now art join'd)

Pardon

Pardon the feeble verse;  
Pardon that I, unknown to Fame,  
So slight a wreath as this should frame,  
To hang upon thy hearse."

*Sensibility. A Poem.* By S. Johnson. 4to. 1s. 6d. Baldwin.

If this Man's heart is good, may it atone for a very bad head! Sensibility owes him nothing; for he has sung her praises very ungracefully.

*City Patriotism displayed. A Poem. Addressed to Lord North.* 4to. 1s. Dixwell.

This Poem abounds in abuse, but is destitute of Poet's.

*The City Patricians.* 4to. 2s. 6d. Allen.

One is almost apt to imagine that this Poem was written by the Author of the preceding one. If it was not, the Authors rival each other in abuse and dullness.

*Poems on various Subjects, Religious and Moral.* By Phillis Wheatly, Negro Servant to Mr. John Wheatly, of Boston in New England. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Bell.

Phillis, we are told, was brought to America in the year 1761, between seven and eight years of age. Without any assistance from school education, and by only what she was taught in the family, she, in sixteen months time from her arrival, attained the English language, to which she was an utter stranger before, to such a degree as to read any of the most difficult parts of the sacred writings, to the great astonishment of all who heard her.—As to her writings, her own curiosity led her to it; and this she learnt in so short a time, that in the year 1765 she wrote a letter to the Rev. Mr. Occom, the Indian minister, while in England.—She has a great inclination to learn the Latin tongue, and has made some progress in it.

"This relation is given by her master who taught her, and with whom she now lives."

This account of Miss Wheatly will doubtless awaken the curiosity of our readers to know the extent of her abilities. It would be unfair to deaden so young and so promising a spectral plant with the frost of Criticism: Indeed, we were so far from expecting her to write better, that we were astonished to find her write so well. But our readers will form an opinion of their own, from the following quotation from a Poem addressed to some person whom she calls Mæcenas.

"While Homer paints, lo! circumsufed in air,

Celestial gods in mortal forms appear;  
Swift as they move, hear each recess rebound,  
Heaven quakes, earth trembles, and the shores  
resound.

Great Sire of verse, before my mortal eyes  
The lightnings blaze across the vaulted skies;  
And, as the thunder shakes the heavenly plains,  
A deep-felt horror thrills through all my veins.

\* He was an African by birth.

When gentler strains demand thy graceful song,  
The length'ning line moves languishing along,  
When great Patrocius courts Achilles aid,  
The grateful tribute of my tears is paid;  
Prone on the shore he feels the pangs of love,  
And stern Pelides tenderest passions move.

"Great Mars's strain in heavenly numbers flows;

The Nine inspire, and all the bosom glows,  
O could I rival thine, and Virgil's page,  
Or claim the Muses with the Mantuan Sage,  
Soon the same beauties should my mind adorn,  
And the same ardour in my soul should burn:  
Then should my soul in bolder notes arise,  
And all my numbers pleasingly surprize;  
But here I sit, and mourn a groveling mind,  
That vain would mount, and ride upon the wind.

"Not you, my friend, these plaintive strains become,

Not you, whose bosom is the Muses home.  
When they from towering Helicon retire,  
They tan in you the bright immortal fire;  
But I, less happy, cannot raise the song,  
The faulting music dies upon my tongue.

"The happier Terence \* all the choir inspir'd,

His soul replenish'd, and his bosom fir'd:  
But say, ye Muses, why this partial grace  
To one alone of Afric's sable race;  
From age to age transmitting thus his name,  
With the first glory, in the rolls of Fame?"

*Two Letters to the Right Rev. Prelates who a second Time rejected the Dissenters Bill.* 8vo. 2s. Johnson.

A spirited but decent Remonstrance to the Spiritual Lords who have exempted themselves so strenuously against what they call innovations in the Church. This subject has now been so frequently discussed, that they must be blind indeed who cannot see on which side the truth lies. But the misfortune is, that though the Petitioners have the best side of the cause, their Opponents have the greatest number of voices.

*A Letter to Sir John Fielding, Knt. occasioned by his extraordinary Request to Mr. Garrick for the Suppression of the Beggars Opera. To which is added a Postscript to D. Garrick.* By William Augustus Miles, Esq. 12mo. 1s. Bell.

There is in this Town a set of men, who are continually watching for opportunities to force crude letters upon the unguarded credulity of the Public. Yet this William Augustus Miles, whom we suppose to be one of this despicable set, has made an uncommon effort even in his own profession, when he snatched at so trifling a subject to convert it into a pamphlet. He writes miserably—and no wonder!

*Granny's Prediction revealed to the Widow Brady, of Drury-Lane Theatre. By her Relation, Mrs. Sharpset O'Blunder. 4to. 2s. 6d. M. Folingsby.*

This Pamphlet has the name of the Author's subscribed to it in manuscript letters: *Eliz. Da Francbetti*. If this is a real name, and the book has been written with any serious view, it is certainly the most harmless farrago of ill-intended nonsense that ever was printed. It is the tongue of a very woman that is let loose, always talking, but never to any purpose. This long and tedious Pamphlet is exhausted by the Writer, in threatening Mrs. B. with the black charges she is just going to bring against her; but if the charges are brought at all, it

is done so obscurely, and the style and sentiments are so deeply overwhelmed in bombast and nonsense, that we can glean no meaning from this heap of rubbish.

*The Rat-Trap. Dedicated to the Right Hon. Lord Mansfield, Chief Justice of England; addressed to Sir John Fielding, Kat. By Robert Holloway, Gent. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Allen.*

This Rat-killer has been very successful; but it is that species of vermin who are called *Justices of the Peace* with which he chiefly meddles. As he is to prosecute the business, we wish him success in his laudable attempts to discover and unhouse his game.

## THE COURT OF APOLLO:

B E I N G

### A SELECTION OF ORIGINAL AND FUGITIVE POETRY.

To the Editor of the Westminster Magazine.

SIR,

I should be wanting in Politeness not to make some Acknowledgement for the Compliment paid me in your Magazine of last Month, although I am not in spirits to do it entirely as I could wish.—The following Elegy will shew that the equinoctial Storm has affected them not a little; when it is blown over, I hope to recover my former serenity of mind, and give you a more agreeable testimony of my good wishes.

Northampton,  
Oct. 8, 1773.

I am your affectionate  
humble Servant,  
J. H.

VERSES sent to a YOUNG LADY with a Present of a Landkip-Drawing.

DEPICTED, here, Contentment's cot behold!

With lowly roof of mean thatch cover'd o'er;  
Where, jarring loud, no costly gates unfold,  
But *Allectus*'s floops to ope it's humble door.

Next, imaged, see the stream of human care!  
In which some, angling, earn their scanty bread;

(Who, hardy, try to wade, no better fare;  
\* For Rocks and Cataracts thwart their ventur-us tread.)

Some, musing, stand aloof,—and view the shore  
Where vainer mortals think sure bliss to find;  
They, prudent, shun the rapid torrent's roar;  
Heav'n's doom receiving with an *even mind*.

§ In the Landkip to which these lines allude, was a River in front, on the left hand bank of which was a Hermitage or Cottage; on the right-hand bank stood an Angler and a statue of Contemplation; and, farther removed, was a Bridge with a Post Chariot, driving along it.

"But a well-written Poem (a rule that some quote,)

"Should be understood without comment or note."

\*\* Excuse a *tumbling* line or two. When I think the sound is expressive of the sense, I take no exception against the *starting R*, or any other letter of the alphabet.

Others, again, with wealth and princely pow'r,  
An ample arch, high, o'er the torrent throw;  
And so't they roll in golden giddy hour;  
But where they'll end, alas! they little know:

A wood obscure, perchance, they have to pass,  
\* Where no broad path admits proud grandeur's car;  
Their wheels may stop, ingulph'd in deep morafs;  
Their steeds may stumble o'er some traverſe bar;

Full many a prickly thorn and bramble tall  
Obstruct their passage, like an armed foe;  
The arch may crack,—then headlong down they fall;

Plung'd in the flood, they're swept to seas of woe.

For the Westminster Magazine.

LINES written to — at NORTHAMPTON, in return for a Present of a Portrait drawn by Lim in Miniature.

CALL'D into life, at thy command,  
In sable robes and formal band  
Appears that grave and solemn Face,  
Like Reverend ———, or his Grace;  
The brow, how pensive! Eye, demure!  
Look'd ever Puritan so pure?

Kind was the hint;—my worthy Friend  
To me, thus artful, would commend  
That aspect grave, and serious air,  
That ever should the Priest declare;

Demeanour just, tho' seldom seen,  
Expressive of that calm within,  
That still should sooth his virtuous breast;  
Each ruder passion hush'd to rest.

But say, dear —, in these days,  
When Vice attracts too general praise,  
And Virtue, forc'd to hide her head,  
Amidst the worthy Few is fled,  
Whilst All, who in her cause engage,  
Are laugh'd and hooted off the stage,  
Where shall we find a resolute Soul  
That dares the Public Tide controul?  
Dares scorn the World's capricious sneer,  
And what he *should be*, That *appear*?  
The path, tho' singular, pursue  
That Conscience opens to his view;  
Whilst grinning Riddle in vain  
Summons around his scoffing Train,  
To turn his steadfast steps astray,  
And force him from his purpos'd way?  
Yet, nurtur'd in sound Reason's school,  
He swerves not from the sober rule  
That bids between th' extremes to steer;  
Religious, tho' not too austere;  
Detesting all the vile grimace  
That marks our modern *canting Race*,  
Who paint fair Virtue to our view  
In colours of the gloomiest hue;  
From whose dark paths Religion's fled,  
Whilst Superstition, in her stead,  
Offspring of Discontent and Fear,  
With eyes deep sunk and visage drear,  
Assumes her character and name,  
And vain would boast herself the same.  
Where shall we find th' ingenious Sage?  
Few *Hinchliffes* grace the present Age!

You'll wonder how, from theme so light,  
I could so very gravely write;  
Or whence it is my Needle draws  
Such wise remarks, and sober saws,  
From my blank Phiz!—Where could my Muse  
A more unmeaning subject choose?  
Something she saw to Thee was due,  
And fain her Gratitude would shew;  
So chink'd to rhyme these Lines bestows,  
Which might as well be penn'd in prose.  
Faint are her strains, her colours faint;  
But could she write as you can paint,  
How gladly would she prune her wing,  
Of Friendship such as Thine to sing;  
To sing thy candid, honest breast,  
With every social Virtue blest!—  
Pat, hold;—thy modest Worth disdains  
(Tho' *Thee* thy due) all *flattering* strains.  
Northampton, 1773. O. B.

For the Westminster Magazine.

A T A L E.

After the Manner of SWIFT. By E. T.

Inscribed to TOLLIVS.

EARLY one morn, *Will* call'd on *Ned*,  
And found the Poet out of bed.  
Fury and Love! *Ned*, what's the matter?  
Are these your tricks to grow no fatter?  
What in the dumps too, master *Ned*!  
Ah let not this, dear boy, be said!

Hath some ill come to sweet *MARIA*?  
Or what hath hurt your *Mater pia*?  
Or are you sick, or are you dull?  
Or have you had bad news from *Hull*?  
Or is your fav'rite dog gone mad?  
"Such trifles would not make me sad,"  
Perhaps, your Bookfeller is broke:  
That to a Bard 's a serious joke!  
"If all the Bookfellers were dead,  
"It would not add one care to *Ned*!"  
Come, tell me, friend, which way the wind is;  
Are you commanded to the Indies?  
"That would not be a care to me:  
"I hate the Land—I like the Sea."  
You're not in love this hour of life;  
For that is treason 'gainst a wife!  
"Suppose it treason!—and I'm wed!  
"Yet love may be the fate of *Ned*!  
"Ye Gods! I saw her on the green,  
"More beautiful than the Cyprian Queen!  
"Such eyes, such limbs, and such a face,  
"Never did modern beauty grace!  
"I saw the Angel cross a stile,  
"Since which I've never curl'd one smile!  
"And, *Phœbus*, hear thy Poet's strain,  
"I swear, I'll never smile again!"  
Not smile again! and she's so fair,  
So sweet, so smart, so debonnaire!  
Peruse the Nymph, and court her charms,  
And rush into her clasping arms!  
"No—I'll ne'er look on her again,  
"Her beauties shan't renew my pain!"  
What, has she jilted thee, friend *Ned*;  
Or wears she *Warren's* white and red?  
Come, you may tell me without fear,  
*Ned*: Did she prove a privateer,  
And by false colours took you in?  
"Pshaw! that's a thing not worth a pin!  
"No; worse than these, and all beside:  
"Ere I had seen her, had I died!  
"No more on *THAMES*' banks along,  
"Shall I hear *Philomela's* song!  
"Nor in thy stream, with cheerful face,  
"Attentive whip for Chub and Dace!  
"No; sooner in thy shenny wave  
"I'll plunge, and make a watry grave.  
"Ah *Bill*—(for *Sally* is her name)  
"Tis she has brought me to this shame!  
"Tis all in vain, my Friend, to try;  
"I'm stabb'd to th' heart, and I must die."  
But what's the cause? "O! cease your mock-  
"ings!  
"O! damn her, *Bill*—she wears *BLACK*  
"STOCKINGS."

For the Westminster Magazine.

To the Memory of Mrs. DEBORAH THOMPSON.

Written by Captain THOMPSON.

WHoe'er thou art, by Fate or Fortune led  
To this sad spot amongst the virtuous  
Dead;  
If e'er by chance this faithful Fair-one's grave  
Should an unhallow'd noxious nettle have,  
Pluck up the weed—it has no business here!  
And give the Virtuous gone, one virtuous tear!

For the Westminster Magazine.

On a *NOSEGAY* being sent to a *LADY* by a  
GENTLEMAN.

**T**HE Myrtle, sweetest blooming flower,  
Rightly nam'd Adonis Bower;  
The Gilead, delicate of smell,  
And Mignonet, beloved well;  
Spicy Stock, of crimson hue;  
Geranium, of the reddest blue;  
This sweet Bouquet has *Louis* brought,  
Faithful to his Master's thought:  
With thanks and blushes I receive it;  
Let none condemn, tho' all believe it.

CHARLOTTE.

For the Westminster Magazine.

TWO EPIGRAMS from MARTIAL.

Lib. II, Ep. 9.

*Ad Rufum de Lelice.*

**S**EE you, my friend, you Wight with brow  
So sullen,  
Fam'd for his midnight visits to *Yee Pullen*?\*  
Guess you what tale his piteous phiz discloses,  
Or why, unseemly fight! the ground he noses?  
Why bites his nails, why beats his breast with  
dexter?

His *Filly's* safe, and what he values next her;  
He cannot grieve for either friend or brother;  
And is one pupil lost, he gains another.  
With all these blessings, and a cheerful Chum,  
Still he's unhappy—for he sops at home.

\* A Tree so called from the name of its  
Planter. He was Vice-Principal of Magdal-  
len-Hall. The Tree clothes one of the most  
frequented walks about Oxford.

Lib. II, Ep. 37.

*In Sextum Faveneratorem.*

**W**HEN lately I purchas'd a service of plate,  
A suit of brocade, and a Negro for state;  
Old *Gripus*, whom once I esteem'd as my friend,  
Express'd his surprize with a "Where will this  
end?"

Apprehensive that I his assistance would crave,  
And loth to relinquish on this side the grave;  
To prevent my petition—in tone very low,  
But secure of my ear, "Ay, to *Asgill* I owe  
Four thousand and fifty—nine hundred to  
*Rozee*;

To *Simon Ben Israel* a plumb, if not more,  
And yet not a soule has poor *Gripus* in store!"  
I listen'd admiring!—At length, with a sneer,  
"Is it thus, my old friend? May I trust what  
I hear?"

When intreated, denial is surely uncivil,  
But before you are ask'd— to deny is the  
devil."

Oxon. Oct. 10. 1773.

EDWIN.

PROLOGUE to the revised Comedy of *As You  
Like It*. Spoken by Mr. King.

**S**INCE your old taste for laughing is come  
back,  
And you have dropp'd the melancholy pack  
Of tragi-comic-sentimental matter,  
Resolving to laugh more, and be the fatter,  
We bring a piece drawn from our ancient  
store,  
Which made old English sides with laughing  
fore.

Some smiles from *Tony Lumpkin*, if you spare,  
Let *Trincalo* of *Totnam* have his share—  
Tho' thieves there are, JUSTICE herself will  
own,

No scene to hurt your morals will be shown.  
Each Siller Muse a separate shop should keep,  
Comedy to laugh, Tragedy to weep,  
And *sentimental laudanum* to make you sleep.  
I'll tell you what, good folks, if you don't  
jest,

But clasp the giggling goddess to your breast;  
Let but the Comic Muse enjoy your favour,  
We'll furnish stuff to make you laugh for ever!  
Do laugh, pray laugh---'tis your best cure when  
ill,

The grand specifick, universal pill!  
What would I give to set the tide a-going,  
A spring-tide in your heart with joy or sorrowing!  
No superficial skin-deep mirth— all from  
within—

Laugh till your jaws ach—'till you crack  
your skin;  
The English laugh---the Frenchmen only  
grin.

Italians sneer, Dutch grunt, and German features  
Smirk thus---you only laugh like human crea-  
tures.

Who has no laughter in his soul's a wretch,  
And is more fit for treason, stratagems, Jack  
Ketch:

Your meagre hollow eye speaks spleen and va-  
pours,

And stabs with pen and ink in daily papers.  
But the round Cit, in ven'son to the knuckles,  
He is no plotter, but eats, drinks, and chuckles.

When late to *sentimentals* you were kind,  
I thought poor *I* was robb'd down the wind,  
To pry at *Fortune*!--Farewell, said I, to fun;  
So I secur'd a Bed at *Islington*---

To say the truth---I'm not prepar'd as yet  
To dance the wire, or throw the *Someriet*---  
In short, if at a pun you would not grumble,  
When I can't make you laugh---I needs must  
tumble.

Show you are fond of mirth---at once restore us,  
And burst with me, in one grand laughing  
chorus.

True Comedy reigns still---I see it plain;  
Hiuzza!--we now shall live and laugh again.

[Exit buzzzaing and laughing.]

EPILOGUE

PROLOGUE to the revived Comedy of *ALBU-  
MALAR*. Spoken by Mrs. Abington.

IN times of old, by this old play we see,  
Our Ancestors, poor souls, though brave  
and free,  
Believ'd in spirits and astrology!  
'Twas by the *stars* they prosper'd, or miscarried;  
Thro' *them* grew rich, or poor; were hang'd, or  
married;  
And if their wives were naught, then they were  
born

Under the *Ram*, or *Bull*, or *Capricorn*!  
When our great grand mamas had made a slip,  
(Their shoes with higher heels would often trip)  
The rose and lilly left their cheeks--'twas duty  
To curse their *Planets*, and destroy their beauty:  
Such ign'rance, with faith in *Stars*, prevails;  
Our faces never change, they tell no tales;  
Or should a husband, rather unpolite,  
Lack up our persons, and our roses blight;  
When once set free again, there's nothing in it,  
We can be *ros'd* and *hly'd* in a minute;  
Fly all abroad, be taken into favour,  
And be as fresh and frolicksome as ever!  
To heav'nly bodies we have no relation,  
The *Star* that rules us is our *inclination*!  
Govern'd by that, our *earthly* bodies move,  
Quite unconnected with the things above.

Two young ones love--a chafte to Scotland  
carries 'em,  
The *Stars* lend light, but *inclination* marries 'em.  
When passion cools, and flame is turn'd to  
smother,

They curse no *Stars*--but Scotland and each  
other!

To walk i'th' dark no Belles now make a fuss,  
No Spectres or Hobgoblins frighten us!  
No, says Old Crab, of Fops the last Editions,  
Pray, Madam, what are they but Apparitions?  
So slim, so pale, so dress'd from foot to head,  
Half girl, half boy, half living, and half dead,  
They are not flesh and blood, but walking  
gingerbread!

Mere flimy beings kept alive by art,  
"They come like shadows, and they'll so de-  
part."

O fye, for shamè! said I--He turn'd about,  
And turn'd us toply turvey, inside out:  
Rail'd at our Sex, then curs'd the *Stars*, and  
swore--

But you're alarm'd I see, I'll say no more:  
O'd doating fools from *Stars* derive all evil,  
Nor search their hearts to find the little devil:  
Ladies, take council, crush the mischief there;  
Lay but that *Spirit*, you'll be wise--as fair.

PROLOGUE to Mr. FOOTE's *New Comedy*  
of *The BANKRUPT*.

(Written and spoken by Himself.)

FOR Wit's keen satire, and this laughing  
stage,  
What theme so fruitful as a Bankrupt Age?  
For not confin'd to commerce is the curio,  
The head is nazar as empty as the purse.

Equally sunk our credit and our wit,  
Nor is the Sage more solvent than the Cit:  
All these--but soft, ere thus abroad we roam,  
Were it not prudent first to look at home?  
You, gentle Sirs, have given me credit long,  
And took my word for many an idle song;  
But if exhausted, I give notes to-day  
For wit and humour which I cannot pay,  
I must turn Bankrupt too, and hop away,  
Unless, indeed, I modestly apply  
For leave to sell my works--by Lottery;  
Tho' few will favour where's no cash to see  
'em;

Poor hopes, that way, to part with MY MU-  
SEUM!

My old friend, Smirk, indeed, may lend his  
aid,

And sell by Auction all my Stock in Trade:  
His placid features, and imploring eye,  
May tempt, perhaps, the tardy Town to buy:  
His winning manner, and his soft address,  
To other Sales of mine have giv'n success,  
But after all, my ever honour'd friends,  
On you alone my fate this night depends.  
I've fought some battles, gain'd some vict'ries  
here,

And little thought a culprit to appear  
Before this House; but if resolv'd you go  
To find me guilty, or to make me so,  
To grant me neither wit, nor taste, nor sense,  
Vain were my plea, and useless my defence:  
But still I need not steal, I will not beg,  
Tho' I've a passport in this wooden leg;  
But to my cot contentedly retire,  
And stew my cabbage by my only fire.  
Mean time, great Sirs, my sentence yet  
unknown,  
Even as your justice be your candour shewn,  
Ad when you touch my honour, don't for-  
get your own.

FORTUNE and GARRICK.

A FAMILIAR DIALOGUE;

Written some time since, but never before  
printed.

On the Theatrical Fund, said to be accumu-  
lating for the Benefit of the decayed Actors  
of Drury-lane Theatre.

DAME FORTUNE, who sometimes de-  
lights, with a frown,  
Those, her smiles have set up, to take scurvily  
down,  
Said lately to GARRICK, his ar'rice admir-  
ing,  
Friend *Davy*, pray when do you think of retir-  
ing?  
Your bags are so full they will certainly burst;  
And yet you go on, scrape--scrape--scrape, as  
at first:  
From chousing old *Gifford* to humming old  
*Lassy*--  
Do you ever intend to give over your race?  
Oh!--

Never,

Never, never, says GARRICK, so long as my health,  
 My lungs and my limbs can accumulate wealth.  
 I intend to amass all the world,—do you mind me?  
 And leave my stage shew-trap quite useless behind me.  
 Why, faith, replied FORTUNE, my sly little man,  
 With your own wooden world you have followed this plan:  
 For, if I judge right, at this critical minute,  
 There's scarce a good actor but you left within it,  
 You well then may bounce like a Turk on his throne,  
 Who bow-strings his brothers, to bully alone.  
 But, since on the subject of lucre we're harping,  
 Let me ask you, friend GARRICK, for whom are you carping?  
 You know, I suppose,—If you don't, I can tell—  
 You can't, for your soul, take a fiver to hell.  
 Why then do you suck the poor Brotherhood's brains;  
 Your pack-asses made, while you pocket the gains?  
 To treasure their fund, to be sure, is but civil;  
 But blue will they look, when Black's gone to the devil:  
 For the devil a bit will they ever make George,  
 Whate'er he inherits of David, disgorge:  
 Refund then in time, left yourself and your brother  
 Be damnd'd for two rogues, both in this world and t'other.

D. G. K. Comedian.

*On the melancholy Death of Lady JANE —, in sinful Childbed,*

JENNY's no more!—the dart of Death is sped!  
 Comfort, supported'st thou her trembling shade!  
 Did'st thou, with MERCY, lead her to the Dead!  
 Poor soul!—full dearly for her sins she paid!  
 Full dearly!—So shall All!—The avenging God,  
 Like the loud Genius of the coming blast,  
 With-holds his anger—stays his iron rod—  
 But to burst forth with ten-fold rage—at last!

#### SHAKESPEARE'S BEDSIDE.

A NEW BALLAD.

OLD *Shakespeare* was sick;—for a Doctor he sent;  
 But 'twas long before any one came;  
 Yet, at length, his assistance *Nic Rowe* did present:  
 Sure all men have heard of his name.

\* One *Edwards*, an Apothecary, who appears to have known more of the Poet's case than some of the regular Physicians who undertook to cure him.

† From the abilities and application of Sir *J. Hawkins*, the Public is now expecting, with impatience, a complete History of the Science of Music.

As he found that the Poet had tumbled his bed,

He smooth'd it as well as he could;  
 He gave him an anodyne, comb'd out his head,  
 But did his complaint little good.

Doctor *Pope* to incision at once did proceed,  
 And the Bard for the Simples he cut;  
 For his regular practice was always to bleed,  
 Ere the fees in his pocket he put.

Next *Tibbald* advanc'd, who, at best, was a Quack,  
 And dealt but in old woman's stuff;  
 Yet he caus'd the Physician of *Twicknam* to pack,  
 And the Patient grew chearful enough.

Next *Harmer*, who fees ne'er descend'd to crave,  
 In gloves lilly-white did advance;  
 To the Poet the gentlest of purges he gave,  
 And, for exercise, taught him to dance.

One *Warburton* then, though Allied to the Church,  
 Produc'd his alterative stores;  
 But his medicines the case so oft left in the lurch,  
 That *Edwards*\* kick'd him out of doors.

Next *Jabson* arriv'd to the Patient's relief,  
 And ten years he had him in hand;  
 But, tir'd of his task, 'tis the general belief  
 He left him before he could stand.

Now *Capel* drew near—not a Quaker more prim,—  
 And number'd each hair in his pate;  
 By styptics, called Stops, he contracted each limb,  
 And crippled for ever his gait.

From *Gosfal* then strutted a formal old goose,  
 And he'd cure him by inches, he swore;  
 But when the poor Poet had taken one dose,  
 He vow'd he would swallow no more.

But *Jabson*, determin'd to save him or kill,  
 A second prescription display'd;  
 And that none might find fault with his drop or his pill,  
 Fresh doctors he call'd to his aid.

First, *Stevens* came loaded with black-letter books,  
 Of fame more desirous than self;  
 Such reading, observers might read in his looks,  
 As no one e'er read but himself.

Then *Warner*, by Plautus and Glossary known,  
 And *Hawkins*, Historian of sound;†  
 Then *Warren* and *Collins* together came on,  
 For Greek and Potatoes renown'd.

With

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With songs on his Pontificalibus pinn'd,  
Next *Percy* the great did appear;  
And *Farmer*, who twice in a pamphlet had  
sinn'd,  
Brought up the empirical rear.

"The cooks the more num'rous, the worse is  
the broth,"

Says a proverb I well can believe;  
And yet to condemn them untry'd, I am loth,  
So at present shall laugh in my sleeve.

## RIGDUMFUNNIDOS.

SHAKESPEARE in the SHADES.

AS *Shakespeare* rang'd over the regions be-  
low,

With the Muses attending his side,  
The first of his Critics he met with was *Rowe*,  
Though to keep out of fight he had try'd.

"How comes it, friend *Nicholas*," said the old  
Bard,

(While *Nick* was preparing a speech)  
"My ruins so coarsely by you were repair'd,  
Who grace to the Graces could teach?"

"Had the time you employ'd when the *Biter*  
\* you wrote,

So his'd by the Critical Throng,  
Been spent upon mending the holes in my coat,  
It had not been ragged so long."

*Rowe* blush'd, and made way for diminutive  
*Pope*,

Whom *Shakespeare* address'd with a frown,  
And said—"Some apology sure I may hope  
From you, and your Friend in the Gown.†

"Had the murderous knife which my Plays  
has destroy'd,

By lopping full many a scene,  
To make you a Lover like *him*, been employ'd,  
How flat *Cibber's* Letter had been!"

\* The *Biter*, an attempt at Comedy by *Rowe*, which was received with that contempt which  
it well deserved.

† Dr. *Warburton*.

‡ *Teebald*, in the preface to his first edition of *Shakespeare*, asserts, that exclusive of  
the works of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* and *Ben Jonson*, he had read above eight hundred old  
English plays, to ascertain the obsolete and uncommon phrases in his Author. The reader who  
can discover the fruits of this boasted industry in his notes, may safely believe him; and those  
who cannot, may surely claim the liberty, like myself, to doubt somewhat of his veracity. This  
assertion, however, *Teebald* had sufficient modesty to omit in the preface to his second edi-  
tion, together with all the criticisms on Greek authors, which I am assured he had collected  
from such papers of Mr. *Wycherley* as had been entrusted to his care for very different purposes.  
It is much to be questioned whether there are five hundred old plays extant, by the most accu-  
rate perusal of which the Works of *Shakespeare* could receive advantage; I mean of dramas,  
prior, contemporary, or within half a century before and after his time.

*Pope* sneak'd off confounded; and *Hanmer* drew  
near,

Whose softness a savage might melt;  
So, *Shakespeare* said only, "Sir Thomas, I fear  
With gloves on, my Beauties you felt."

Supported by *Caxton*, by *Wyrtin* upheld,  
Next *Tibbald* crept forward to fight:—

"Is this (quoth the Poet) the Thing that re-  
bell'd,

And dar'd even *Pope* to the fight?"

"To kennel, good *Tib*, for a time will arrive,  
When all in their fenses shall know,

That half of your consequence, *Tib*, you de-  
rive

From the lash of so envied a foe.

"Eight hundred old Plays thou declar'dst thou  
hast read; †

How could'st thou the Public so cozen?  
Yet the traces, I see, (spite of what thou hast  
said)

Of not many more than a dozen.

"If all thou hadst dug, how could *Farmer*, my  
*Tib*,

Or *Stevens* find gold in the mine?—  
Thy trade of Attorney sure taught thee to fib,  
And Truth was no Client of thine,

"And yet to appease me for all thou hast  
done,

And shew thou art truly my friend,  
Go watch, and to me with intelligence ran  
When *Johnson* and *Capel* descend.

"For *Johnson*, with all his mistakes, I must  
love;

Ev'n love from the injur'd he gains;  
But *Capel* a Comrade for Dullness will prove,  
And him thou may'st take for thy pains.

For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.

## CHARACTER of DAVID HUME, Esq.

[ Embellished with an elegant and striking Likeness of Him. ]

IN our portrait of this celebrated  
Philosopher, we are not to describe  
either his life or his person; and the  
Oa. 1773.

only knowledge which the Reader can  
acquire of the latter, must be gleaned  
from an examination of the annexed

Engraving, which is faithful. It is our wish to mark the characteristics of his mind; and these, it is said, will be best studied in his writings. His character as a writer, at least, is within our reach.

His writings consist of History and Ethics. To recite the praises of *Hume's History of England* would be no novelty. It would be an attempt to add sweetness to honey, or perfume to the rose. The World is full of its encomiums. As people, therefore, know so well wherein he has succeeded in his History, it might probably excite their curiosity to be told wherein he has failed.

In all his writings, Mr. Hume seems never to forsake that spirit of convenience, which reconciles every thing to the situation a person happens to be placed in at the time. This indulgence is not unfrequently connected with men of strong genius; and it induces them, even in their gravest writings, to be neglectful of Truth whenever it is difficult to find her, and to dress some fictitious figure to substitute in her place. Even our author's History of England has not escaped this practice. When cases occur to him which are obnoxious, he bends them to his will by force; and, calling to his aid a splendid sentiment or a glittering theory, he wraps the error in the disguise, and deludes the vulgar eye. It is upon this account that the first part of his History is obscure, inaccurate, and unfaithful. He sweeps lightly over all the early and important series of British affairs, and then tells the reader that the transactions of infant society are trivial, and unworthy of record. Indeed! how must Mr. Hume's judgment have in this case opposed his convenience!

We mention these only to shew that he has committed errors. The rest are numerous, but not half so numerous as his beauties.

His Essays on Human Nature and Morality would afford greater room for opposition and dispute. But this Monitor of Learning, so treache-

rous to the Peace of Mankind, has been combated and subdued by more than one antagonist. It remains to us only to describe the outlines of his System of Morality and human Sentiment.

When we consider the present imperfection of the human mind, and the disorder which manifestly prevails in the passions; when we further reflect upon the complex and extensive nature of Virtue, which regulates our conduct in the various relations we stand in to other beings, and in the numberless accidents which may change or vary their position; when we join these considerations together, it is no wonder if we are often at a loss to know our proper duty; and if, in many cases, the distinctions betwixt right and wrong appear very imperceptible.

To remove these difficulties, our Author tells us, is his intention. He professes to clear up the principles of Morals, and to place them in such a new and strong point of light, as to render it more easy, in particular cases, to discover the real difference betwixt right and wrong, and thereby to promote and facilitate the universal practice of Virtue. But when the manner in which he has executed this laudable design is considered, we must be under a strong temptation to think that he has, on the contrary, exerted all the force of his genius, applied the whole edge of that subtlety and acuteness in which he excels, to extenuate, and render as imperceptible as possible, the difference betwixt Virtue and Vice—nay, to confound both in one undistinguishable chaos. An over-refining habit of thinking led him astray. He probably knew where to begin, but not where to stop.

Our author's notion and definition of Virtue are very singular. He says, that it is the possession of such qualities as are useful or agreeable to ourselves or others. The nature, the merit of Virtue he places in its utility; and that virtue is recommended chiefly by its utility, cannot be denied. But in

his

his assemblage of virtues he crouds every inducement of the mind, every equality of the body, and every external ornament, and advantage of fortune. That these *may* be of utility is indeed true; but in what sense?—In this only, that they are *capable* of being put to a good use; but they may be also put to a bad one. This then cannot be Virtue; for Virtue, good and unchangeable in its nature, cannot be converted into evil.

This picture of Virtue, which our author has drawn, is an unnatural groupe of a strange variety of features, very inconsistent, and badly proportioned. Some of them are beautiful, and taken from the true original: others are borrowed from Vice, and sometimes from what in Vice is most shameful and deformed. Upon particular occasions he avails himself of the first; and, collecting them into a separate point of light, is at pains to display their genuine beauty and excellence — and would effectually recommend them to our approbation and esteem, if we were willing to forget the base ingre-

dients with which the whole so much abounds.

But there is in his scheme a still greater inconsistency, perhaps, than any yet described; and that is, after he has with great labour and art endeavoured to establish some determined idea of Virtue, he again unhinges all, and abandons this idea to the sport of human passions and customs. He makes Virtue intirely dependent upon the capricious humours of mankind, and even to take its form from the prevailing vices of the Age. Finding that our Author has reduced Virtue to this despicable and absurd pitch of humility, why should we gaze longer upon the worst executed portrait that ever was drawn?

It is now natural to reflect, what an unequal conflict a great Genius is engaged in, when contending against the truth of things! It is like a strong wave of the sea beating with all its force against a solid rock: the wave is broken, and its several parts dash against one another with the wildest confusion; but the Rock still towers towards heaven, firm and unmoved.

*For the WESTMINSTER MAGAZINE.*

A JOURNAL of the PROCEEDINGS of the Sixth Session of the Thirteenth PARLIAMENT of GEORGE III.

( *Continued from Page 566 of our last.* )

*Tuesday, March 2.*

THE order of the day relative to the bill for the relief of Protestants dissenting from the Church of England was called for, and a bill for that purpose accordingly produced, and read the first time.

Sir Roger Newdigate rose and informed the House, that although he intended to oppose the bill in every future stage, as well as every other attempt of the same tendency, he would not for the present interrupt or prevent the first reading of it, though he should be well warranted in so doing, first on the general grounds of its impropriety, secondly on the resolutions he had already formed concerning it; however, as there were fresh reasons from those on which that of last year was framed, pretended in support of the present application, he was far from not indulging the promoters of the measure with every degree of candour

they could wish for. He added, that as he was up, and on such an occasion, he would not avoid mentioning a matter which fell from the honourable Gentleman over the way (Sir William Meredith) relative to a quotation from a pamphlet written by an eminent and worthy Divine, Doctor Tottie, in which, according to his conceptions, the words of his learned and reverend friend were wrested to a meaning directly contrary to the intention of the author, or indeed to their natural and obvious construction; the honourable Gentleman having asserted in his speech on the debate of Tuesday, that Doctor Tottie charged some of the doctrines contained in the Thirty-Nine Articles with horror and blasphemy. Here Sir Roger opened the pamphlet, and read the passage referred to, which charged the doctrine of Predestination, contended for on rigid Calvinistical principles, with horror and blas-

phemy, as contradistinguished from the more sober and liberal acceptation, both in practice and speculation, of that doctrine, as received by the Church of England.

Sir William Meredith replied, that it was indeed very true, that he had quoted the Doctor, to prove what his sentiments were, relative to the doctrine contained in one of the Articles of that Church, of which he is so zealous a member and powerful an advocate; and that he appealed to the candour of such as heard him, whether he was not justified in so doing. He was not, he added, enquiring into the practical doctrines of the Church, nor of the private opinions of particular persons; neither was he giving any opinion on the different feasible and current explanations of these exceptionable tenets; all he meant by the quotation being only to prove, that Predestination, as literally set forth in the Articles, was a doctrine by no means proper to be subscribed to by young persons, as strictly importing what was intended to be hereafter explained away, either to make it consonant to the Word of God, or common sense.

Sir Roger answered, that he was perfectly satisfied with what the honourable Gentleman had said, having troubled the House purely with an intention of removing any notion that might prevail abroad, that these were really the Doctor's sentiments.

Here the bill being read a first time, and being ordered to be read a second time on Tuesday, occasioned a warm debate.

Sir Walter Bagot, after stating his general reasons against the bill, contended that the time fixed on for reading it a second time was by much too short; first, on account of its importance; and secondly, as he understood that many persons who were comprised within the description of those who were intended to be relieved by the bill, were resolved to petition, and be heard by Counsel against it; that the gentlemen whom the petitioners intended to employ upon that business would on Tuesday next, and much longer probably, be absent on

the circuit; and that in his opinion, therefore, three weeks would be the least time that could be reasonably allowed for that purpose.

Mr. Dyson strongly opposed Sir Walter: he said, that agreeing to any proposition of this nature would totally defeat the future progress of the bill; that granting Counsel to be heard on such a matter as the present, was unprecedented; that though it had been proper, there was no one fact stated to the House which could induce them to defer the second reading of the bill; and that, therefore, they could not break through the regular forms established in such cases, to wait for a repetition of grievances neither as yet complained of, nor, perhaps, so much as in embryo, or thought of.

To this Sir Roger Newdigate replied, That if the intentions of the promoters of the bill were as candid as they pretended, he could perceive no possible disadvantage that would accrue from permitting Counsel to be heard, and granting a reasonable time for the return of such from the circuit as were probable to answer the desire of the petitioners; and after adverting to some of the transactions of last year, relative to the bill, concluded by prophesying, that the House, who were composed of the representatives of the people of Great Britain, would never refuse to hear Counsel in behalf of a cause in which the interests of the Established Church were so highly and eminently concerned.

Mr. T. Townshend then rose, and spoke in support of Mr. Dyson, and took up pretty nigh the same ground; but having dropped some expressions relative to an enthusiastic spirit, and want of common sense,

Sir Roger Newdigate replied, with great warmth, that he flattered himself he was as far from being prompted by a spirit of enthusiasm, as the honourable Gentleman who spoke last; and that he doubted not but on the several questions which came to be discussed in that House, he was as often too found on the side of common sense.

[ To be continued. ]

## MONTHLY CHRONICLE.

WEDNESDAY, September 29.

AT a Common Hall held at Guildhall for the election of a Lord Mayor of the city of London, for the year ensuing, the names of the Aldermen who had served the office of Sheriff were severally put up, when the majority of hands appeared in favour of John Wilkes and Frederick Bull, Esqrs. but a poll was demanded by Deputy Judd and Mr. Hurford for John Sawbridge and Richard Oliver, Esqrs. which began at four o'clock.

FRIDAY, October 1.

Yesterday morning a fire broke out at a hofer's in Bunhill-row, and entirely destroyed

the lower part of the house, and the stock in trade, before it was extinguished.

Another fire happened in Fulwood's Rents, about the same time, and entirely consumed the house.

SATURDAY, October 2.

By a view of the list of members who stood qualified as voters on the East-India Company's books yesterday, being the last day allowed for qualifying by a late act of Parliament, they are in number as follow:

Present list of voters possessed of 1000 l. stock, and upwards, after deducting } 963  
non-residents

Former

Former list of Proprietors, consisting  
of persons possessed of 500l. and up- } 2153  
wards,  
Proprietors excluded, by the said act, } 1190  
from voting,

MONDAY, October 4.

The workmen began to make a new front to the bottom part of the Banqueting-house, Whitehall, next the street.

On the table of a tradesman, who this day hanged himself in the Borough, were found the following lines, written by himself :

Jealousy, like a canker-worm,  
Nips the tender flow'r of Love ;  
Jealousy, raging like a storm,  
Sighs can't mollify, tears can't move.  
Love is the root of our pleasures and joys,  
Jealousy all its fruits destroys ;  
'Tis Fear, Jealousy, and Love,  
Our heaven or hell still prove.

A little before eleven at night, a fire broke out at the cooorage of Mr. Watts, in Thames-street, and consumed the same, besides damaging the adjoining buildings. This is the third time Mr. Watts's cooorage has been destroyed by fire within a few years.

Another fire broke out about the same time, at the house of Mr. Delantoy, a French school-master, in York-court, near Radcliffe Highway, and entirely consumed the said house.

TUESDAY, October 5.

In Amptill-park, belonging to the earl of Upper Ossory, in Bedfordshire, there is lately erected an elegant stone monument to the memory of Queen Catherine, who after her divorce from Hen. VIII. retired to a stately palace built by Henry VI. on the same spot where this monument now stands ; and on it is the following inscription, wrote by the hon. Horace Walpole, Esq.

" In days of old, here Amptill's tow'rs were seen,

" The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen.

" Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing, tears ;

" Here blinded zeal sustained her sinking years :

" Yet Freedom hence her radiant banners

" wav'd,

" And Love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd.

" From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss

" was spread,

" And Luther's light from Harry's lawless

" bed,

H. W."

Johannes Comes de Upper Ossory posuit, 1773.

WEDNESDAY, October 6.

One of the Corn-meters places, in this city, was purchased by Mr. Edward Smith for 3200l. and five small houses, near Moorfields, belonging to the city, which in the last lease went only at 5l. per annum, were let at 37l. a year.

The poll for the election of a Lord Mayor ended at Guildhall, when the numbers were for Alderman Wilkes 1695 ; for Alderman Bull 1655 ; for Alderman Sawbridge 1173, and for Alderman Oliver 1094.

▲ fire broke out at night in the house of Mr.

Dremand, coal-merchant, at Limehouse, and entirely consumed it.

THURSDAY, October 7.

By letters from Senegal there is advice, that on the night of August 2, eleven soldiers of the fort deserted, and stole the boat of the Lancashire Witch, Capt. Wallace ; but were overtaken in their way to Goree, and brought back prisoners. When they went away, they only left twelve white Men in the garrison, the rest being negroes, bought by, and the property of, governor O'Hara ; so that the fort was entirely at the command of these negroes, who were preparing to murder their enemies (as they call the soldiers) ; but, by the vigilance of the governor, this design was frustrated, and they themselves sharply reproved. The runaway soldiers were brought before a Court-martial, and the ringleader, with a serjeant and corporal, were shot.

FRIDAY, October 8.

The Sheriffs made the return to the Court of Aldermen, that Messrs. Wilkes and Bull were elected by a majority of the Livery ; upon which the Aldermen present chose Frederick Bull, Esq. Lord-Mayor for the year ensuing. The following Aldermen scratched for Mr. Bull, viz. the Lord-Mayor, Aldermen Alsop, Bankes, Eлдаle, Wilkes, Kennet, Plumbe, Oliver, and Trecothick ; and these scratched for Mr. Wilkes, viz. Aldermen Crosby, Sawbridge, Stephenson, Bull, Lewes, Hopkins, Plomer, Thomas, and Turner. As the numbers were equal, the Lord-Mayor gave the casting vote in favour of Mr. Bull. Before the Common Hall was dissolved, the thanks of that Assembly were given, on a motion from Alderman Crosby, to Sir Watkin Lewes, for his spirited and manly conduct in support of the rights and franchises of his fellow-citizens, and the freeholders of the county of Middlesex.

About six in the morning, a fire broke out in the house of Mr. Millam, pastry-cook, in Jermyn-street, and, besides destroying the said house, almost consumed that of Mr. Hewet, stationer, on one side, and Mr. Testy's, on the other.

SATURDAY, October 9.

The following is the inscription on an oval tablet in the front of the Sarcophagus of the heroic and renowned General Wolfe's monument in Westminster-abbey.

" To the memory of James Wolfe, Esq. Major general and Commander in Chief of the British Forces on the Expedition against Quebec ; who, surmounting by ability and valour all obstacles of art and nature, was slain in the moment of victory, at the head of his conquering troops, on the 13th of Sept. 1759, the King and Parliament of Great Britain dedicate this monument."

MONDAY, October 11.

Letters from France give the following account of the reception of their Royal Highnesses the Duke and Duchefs of Cumberland, at

at St. Quintin. The Sieur D'Agay, intendant of Picardy, being informed that their Royal Highnesses examined every thing worthy of attention with the greatest minuteness, conducted them to the subterraneous canal of communication carrying on between the Somme and the E scaut, in order to unite those two rivers.

TUESDAY, October 12.

The Parliament, which stood prorogued to this day, was further prorogued to Tuesday the 23d day of November next.

At night a fire broke out at a public-house at Rotherhithe, and consumed the same, besides damaging several other houses.

WEDNESDAY, October 13.

The Duke of Bridgewater's canal, carried on entirely at the expence of his Grace, is now completed from Manchester to Runcorn, in such a manner that goods are now conveyed in one bottom from Liverpool to Manchester.

THURSDAY, October 14.

By the Irish mail we are informed, that a barbarous murder was committed near Timoleague, in the county of Cork, by one Patrick Ronave, on the wife of a poor carman, then absent. The villain entered the cabbins about nine in the evening, and asked for a lodging that night; and was civilly refused on account of her having no person with her but a girl of ten years old. The barbarous ruffian immediately drew a knife, and taking the helpless woman by the hair, pulled her to the ground, and stabbed her several times in the breast. The child fled across the fields to alarm the next neighbours; and on their coming to the place, they found the woman dead, and a chest broke open, wherein, probably, the little wealth belonging to this poor family was kept. Diligent search is making after the villain, and notice given at the sea-ports to prevent his escape.

SATURDAY, October 16.

As we are always willing to contribute towards alleviating the distresses of our fellow creatures, we insert the following account communicated to us by a person of benevolence and unquestionable credit:—A Sow belonging to Mr. Bennet at the Merlin's Cave, in Spa-fields, Clerkenwell, has farrowed 75 pigs within 17 months, viz. 15, 17, 21 and 22.—By a proper attention, those who have convenience (for which little room and a small expence are requisite) might furnish themselves, and their neighbours, at an easy rate, and in a great measure frustrate the inhuman views of fordid monopolizers and forestallers.

SUNDAY, October 17.

Notice was read in the Danish chapel, Well-clofe-square, for all sailors and soldiers, subjects of the Crown of Denmark, to return home on board the ships now lying in the river for their reception.

MONDAY, October 18.

†The mistress of the Golden Lion public-house, in the Old Bailey, was taken into custody for violently striking a Gentleman several blows on

the head with a quart pot, and thereby endangering his life.

TUESDAY, October 19.

As some workmen were employed in repairing the back part of the Sun Tavern, Paul's chain, near St. Paul's church-yard, the scaffolds gave way, by which accident one man was killed on the spot, another died as he was carrying to an hospital, and two others were much bruised. A fifth man saved himself by holding by a piece of wood which was drove into the wall, until he was taken in at a window.

WEDNESDAY, October 20.

Letters from Edinburgh give an account of the following curious phenomenon.—A few weeks ago, a coal-pit, belonging to Ld. Cochran, overflowed so with water, that two men, who were at the bottom of the pit, lost their lives. When this happened, his Lordship was at the mouth of the pit, and being alarmed by a sudden noise, looked into the pit, where he saw the water rising with the greatest rapidity; and had scarce time to save his life by a quick retreat, the water having risen in a few minutes six feet above the mouth of the pit, and overflowed a great part of the neighbouring ground in such a manner as to render travelling impracticable. It is not easy to conjecture where such a vast quantity of water should have been collected as to fill the pit, which is at least 80 fathoms deep, especially as it was low water in the Forth, near which the pit is situated.

THURSDAY, October 21.

This morning, about three o'clock, a fire broke out at Mr. Tadson's oil-shop, in Looker's-gardens, Southwark, and destroyed great part of the furniture, besides damaging the inside of the house.

A fire also broke out at a house, the corner of Bell-court, Gray's-inn-lane, and consumed the same, and damaged some others.

At night, a fire broke out at the house of Mr. Ward's in Barnaby-street, Southwark, and consumed the same, with a large part of the furniture.

FRIDAY, October 22.

There is authentic advice, that a very great, but temporary, disturbance had happened at Palermo in Sicily, on account of the high price of provisions, owing to monopolizers, one of whom had loaded two ships with cheese for Naples; which ships, however, were stopped just without the harbour, and the cargoes sold at the market price to the people, by order of the Prætor Prince Cassaro, who was soon after seized with the strangury, and died in a few days. This Nobleman having been attended during his illness by the Surgeon of the Marquis de Fogliani, the Viceroy, a suspicion arose among the populace, that the Viceroy wished his death: and in that humour, about 30,000 of them proceeded to the Viceroy's palace, where the Prince Pietra-Perfia, son of the Prince Buttera, about 20 years of age, happened to be with him. This young Sicilian, seeing the rioters enter the apartment, resolutely asked what they

they would have: and, upon being answered, "The life of the Viceroy," threw his arms round the Viceroy, and in a firm tone demanded in the name of his family, that they should spare the life of the Viceroy, or first take his. This spirited conduct checked the fury of the rabble: but they insisted, that the Viceroy should instantly quit the kingdom; which was agreed to, and the gallant Prince accompanied his Excellency to the water side, where a Genoese vessel was ready to receive him. The goods, furniture, plate, &c. were thrown into a fire by the insurgents; and one of this number having been detected in secreting some of the effects, was immediately put to death, which was the only one that happened during the tumult. After this, the rioters proclaimed the Archbishop for their Viceroy; and he has published a general indemnity, by which the public tranquillity is restored.

SATURDAY, *October 23.*

Letters from Scotland mention more emigrations from that country to America; and that several vessels are farther freighted for that purpose. Advices from Ireland take notice of the same spirit prevailing more and more in that kingdom; and letters from divers parts of England advise, that many industrious persons, of various stations and employments, are determined to endeavour for a livelihood in America, as by the safe arts of landholders, monopolizers, &c. they cannot support themselves in their native country.

About noon, a fire broke out at a house in Prince's-street, below the Hermitage, and consumed the same, besides greatly damaging some houses adjoining.

SUNDAY, *October 24.*

At night, a fire broke out at the Three Kites public-house, in Bewden's Folly, Southwark, and entirely destroyed the same. The landlord, who had been bed-ridden near a twelvemonth, unfortunately perished in the flames.

MONDAY, *October 25.*

William Edwards White, who was convicted on Saturday at the Old Bailey, for the robbery and murder of William Wingfield, was executed at Tyburn. He owned the robbery, but persisted to the last, that he was innocent of the murder. See September 16, page 570.

Bills of indictment are found by the Grand Jury against John Hyde, Thomas Hyde, and Henry Felthouse, for perjury in their evidence against Major-General Gansell. See page 567.

TUESDAY, *October 26.*

The sessions, which began on the 21<sup>th</sup> ended this day at the Old Bailey, when sentence of death was pronounced against Richd. Bradley, for burglariously breaking open the dwelling-house of William Kemp, at Cow-crofs, Smithfield, and stealing plate, &c. Thomas Keatley, Thomas Hall, and Robert Rivers, for stealing a sheep from Stepney-fields, the property of Daniel Finch; James Child, for robbing Samp. Lamb, in the Hackney-road, of his watch, &c. and Holdsworth Hill, for breaking and enter-

ing the house of Mr. Parker, attorney, in Rolls Buildings, Chancery-lane, and stealing a large quantity of plate, &c. See magazine for July.

WEDNESDAY, *October 27.*

Thomas Ashby and Edward Lundy M<sup>d</sup> Daniel, for a burglary in the house of Edward Bailey, in Oxford-road, and stealing a quantity of plate; William Cox, for stealing bank-notes, &c. the property of John Kendrick; Emanuel Peele, for a burglary and theft in the house of Will. Bakewell, Esq; Jermyn-street; and John Sterling, for forging a will, purporting to be the last will of Elizabeth Shoter, with intent to defraud the South Sea Company of 35*l*. were hanged at Tyburn. See September 15, p. 569.

THURSDAY, *October 28.*

Letters from Rome intimate, that the Pope seems apprehensive of personal danger from his last bull against the Jesuits (see page 571); and that he has taken precautions against the attempts of those holy fathers against his life; the aliments for his table, carried from that city to Gondolfo where he resides, being escorted by two Cuirassiers, and piquets posted on all the roads where he usually takes an airing.

COUNTRY NEWS.

*Canterbury, Oct. 13.* A few days ago one Hopkins was committed to Maidstone jail, being charged on the oath of John Smart, and others, with being concerned with Holland now in custody, and Fletcher not yet taken, in burning two barns, with a large quantity of corn in them.

Mary Clifton is also committed to the same prison, being charged with the murder of her bastard child.

*Bristol, Oct. 21.* On Sunday night we had a violent storm of thunder and lightning, which lasted from ten till two o'clock. The lightning passed through the roof of the house of Mr. Parsons, corn-chandler, at the corner of Rosemary-lane, and burst the plaster of the side wall of the upper story. From thence it forced itself down by a joint that was in the same wall, and shivered it in a surprising manner. It then made its way into the back-room on the first floor, where it melted the lead of the window, and broke several panes of glass, through which it passed into the garden, where it entered the earth. Providentially, not a person in the house was hurt; but a coachman, who was passing by, was struck blind for some minutes, and obliged to quit the coach-box.

*Birmingham, Sept. 27.* On the 16<sup>th</sup> instant William Thomas, alias Blink, was executed at Penfarn, in Carmarthenshire, for a highway robbery. See page 571.

*Tork, Oct. 12.* Last Sunday morning about nine o'clock, a violent hurricane happened, which blew down the house of William Turton, of Marton Lordship, near this city, and all the out-buildings were levelled quite to the ground. Six people were in the house, two of whom, the